Dorothy Thompson Reviews Konrad Heiden's "Der Fuehrer"

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THE ENEMY AND HIS FUTURE:
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M. W. FODOR
CAPT. C. BROOKS PETERS
HANS KOHN

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE LIMERICK?
by Cowl Rider

"JEAN MALAQUAIS' WAR DIARY"
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA"
by B. H. Sumner
Reviewed by Alexander Kaun

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
A Personal Tribute
by Henry Seidel Canby

"THE TOUCH OF NUTMEG"
by John Collier
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

KONRAD HEIDEN has pulled out of a war of the world its kernel. (See page 5)

—SRL Photo by Arni

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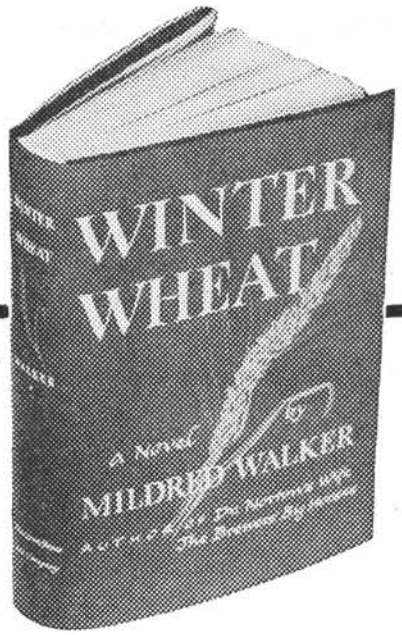

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The Enemy and His Future

Four New Books Dealing with Germany and the German People

1. "Der Fuehrer"

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

Reviewed by Dorothy Thompson

WHEN Thomas Carlyle wrote finis under his "History of the French Revolution," the year was 1837 and forty-two years had elapsed since the date with which Carlyle closed his history—1795, the year of his own birth. In near to a generation and a half a historian can win perspective on events. He lives in another epoch, and can look back and down, seeing events fall into their various proportions, relationships, and patterns.

Seldom is it possible for a man to maintain any similar distance and objectivity toward his own times. They pass by him with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Their passions, prejudices, and myths are part of his own life and mood; he is not only observer, but participant. The connections and relationships between events are confused, and proportions distorted. The writer about them may be reporter or commentator. The historical approach can hardly be his.

But Konrad Heiden's "Der Fuehrer"* confounds this rule, and makes his work not only the most notable book to be written about National Socialism, but one of the most remarkable books ever to be written by a contemporary about his own times. In this it has perhaps but one parallel—Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution." Heiden has been involved in National Socialism, as opponent and victim. Yet he seems to have been able to remove himself from the events, as a discerning, critical mind; to remove himself a generation from them, into an air above and beyond them, from which to look down with a view of the coolest disinterestedness. The result is not a journalistic work, but an historical opus—a unique tour de force. Around Heiden has raged—and still rages—revolution, counter-revolution, and a war of the world. Yet out of it Heiden has pulled the kernel, the center of the events. In the very midst of it, he has recounted, as though from a great distance, what happened, how it happened, what caused it to happen, what characters emerged, influenced events, and grew or disappeared; and at what critical moments history might have taken another course. In short, "Der Fuehrer" is a magnum opus and a contribution to permanent literature.

Only an extraordinary temperament and talent could have produced it—the temperament driving a man to see, to understand, to know, rather than to judge. The judgment comes, to be sure. It is implicit, from chapter to chapter, from event to event. But it is the judgment of light, falling evenly and indiscriminately upon things, placing no theatrical spotlights, creating no artificial chiaroscuros. And it is not only a judgment of Der Fuehrer. It is a judgment of our times.

Konrad Heiden, in the year 1920, was a law student in Munich, in recently defeated Germany, and a member of the very generation and class who were already beginning to gather around a strange unprepossessing Bohemian, who was making excited patriotic speeches in beer halls. Like all of German youth, Heiden was politically interested. Like all of German youth, the world of his fathers had crashed. The New Republic had been pulled out of the womb of history by as odd a combination of midwives as ever delivered a child into a disorganized family. Would it be the pride and joy of that family, or the ill-starred weakling who would not live to grow up? At any rate it had solicitous aunts and hostile uncles. In Munich, a handful of fanatics had tried to dress it in scarlet for its christening—but the robe had been torn from it very brutally.

Left and right politics raged in the capital of German art, if not of German power. A popular pretender to the Bavarian throne, Rupprecht of Wittelsbach, was crowned in the hearts of many of his people. An army had been dissolved, but the human material that had composed it lived on, with one overwhelming experience dominating their still youthful lives: Four Years of War. The capital, Berlin, was "Red" to some Bavarians, and not Red enough for others. In this milieu, then, Heiden first discovered Hitler.

HEIDEN was and remained a social democrat, the roots of whose philosophy are in German and European humanism. But unlike most of that German fellowship, he never underestimated Hitler. Perhaps his own youth revealed to him the dangerous seductiveness of the strange man's ideas. Three years after his first encounter with the magician, Heiden had become correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in Munich—assigned to cover the Nazis. When I first met him in the late 1920's he was unique among liberal journalists in warning that Hitler was almost certain to realize his aims. Already Heiden had shut his personal predilections out of his judgments.

And already he had discovered his life work. It was to understand the phenomenen of the twentieth century—the man and movement which would shake the world. Heiden has never done anything else. From 1920 until 1934 in Germany, afterward, in exile, in Switzerland, France, and the United States, he had but one preoccupation: National Socialism. He read every speech, devoured the Nazi press, and began fitting into an ordered picture in his mind, not only the German events but the pertinent happenings in the rest of the world. It is said

DER FUEHRER. By Konrad Heiden. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 788 pp. $3.

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that Heiden took two and a half years to write this book. That is an error. He took twenty-three years, during which he wrote and published the same book, in a more fragmentary manner, never satisfied that he had gotten at the heart of truth. Now it stands, and henceforth no one can write about our epoch without its meat of fact and interpretation.

Adequately to review this work, of nearly eight hundred pages, compact of events, documents, penetrating selection, and profound analysis, is quite beyond the scope of this essay. That it reads like a novel; that characters are painted in with swift and colorful strokes; that a symphonic form, which introduces a theme, drops it, and turns to another, to bring them together again in a recurrent *leit-motif,* does not detract from the fact that it is a work of immense erudition, demanding great scope for discussion.

BUT the *leit-motif* is clear. "Der Fuehrer" is Heiden's version of "Mein Kampf"—not as written by Hitler himself, in a Landsberg prison cell, but as *lived* by Hitler in the preceding and ensuing years. Hitler's struggle was, in essence, the struggle of the leader of armed intellectuals to gain control of the German Reichswehr. It was that struggle, via the conquest of the state—and for which the conquest of the state was but a means—which opened up the prospect for the conquest of the world.

Hitler's struggle was to forge out of the chaotic democratic mass the power with which to control and direct what the Republic was unable or unwilling to control—that State within a State, the German army. In a perverse, fantastic sense, Hitler's was the triumph of a new form of democracy, the democracy of consciously—even scientifically—directed masses. Only democracy, poised above a traditionless void and emptied of faith, democracy, with its forms intact but its content evaporating, made it possible for a foreign Bohemian finally to press into the service of world conquest that aloof order of the elite—the German generals. Hitler conquered the generals by means of the German people, and made people and generals his tools.

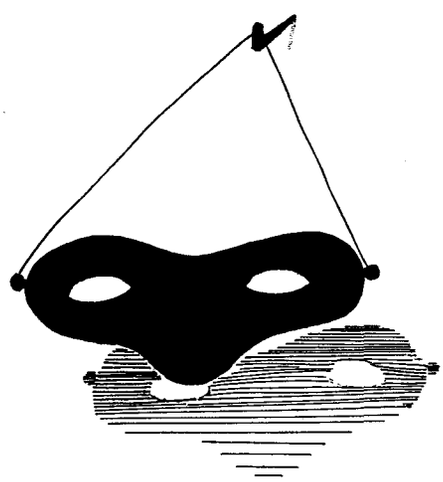
Heiden does not say this. He *shows* this. He describes, documents, and authenticates, and leaves the conclusions to the reader.

The point of departure for Heiden's history is not in Germany but in Moscow. There, in the summer of 1917, a Russian stranger entered and laid upon the desk of a student a message concerning the Anti-Christ, "the man who would come to the fore in a dying epoch." This man, like Dostoievski's "demon," would know how to poison and destroy civilization by the seduction of the people. A blueprint of the "Revolution of Nihilism" was outlined. "By all these methods we shall so wear down the nations that they will offer us world domination."

Who was this "we"? The "we", in the pamphlet, were Jews, engaged in a world plot for the exploitation of democracy for its own ruin. The student in Moscow was Alfred Rosenberg. The pamphlet was the "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion." These protocols had started their life in France, three generations before, as a satire against the popular tyrant, Napoleon III, monarch-dictator of France. Its original title had been "Dialogue in Hell between Machiavelli and Montesquieu." It was, as its subtitle indicated, a New Machiavelli. After years of oblivion it had been unearthed by Russian conspirators—agents of the Ochrana, the Czar's secret police. They had counterfeited it as a Jewish document in order to frighten the Czar into oppressive measures. From there it had spread over the world.

These protocols were, therefore, historically, both a base for anti-Semitism, and a working blueprint for counter-revolution. The German-Balt of Russian citizenship recognized them for both purposes. The Nazi revolution thus started in the mind of one of its philosophical inciters as the revolution which the Jews had been accused of plotting.

Hitler and his followers learned not only from the New Machiavelli—they learned from the Russian Revolution. The fascination of opposites for enemies is a hatred only a hair's breadth from love. But a revolution without revolutionary content is Iago-like. It is means without end; action without motive. It is its own motive—continual reaction. If, however, the end—as revolution—is lacking, the means—as revolution—can be mastered. Hitler admired the allied war propaganda and the Marxian tactics; Himmler admired the G.P.U.—and studied it; Rosenberg admired the forged but brilliant plot of the Elders of Zion. All were instruments, ready to hand, for the great Iago-hoax—the capture of the masses through their virtues and their weaknesses, by daring and ruthless men.



Where were these men to be found? Among the disinherited intelligentsia—the armed intellectuals.

All drastic revolutions are made by such men. They were the authors and movers of the French Revolution—its Dantons, Marats, and Robespierres. They were the makers of the Russian Revolution—its Lenins, Trotskys, Bakunins. None of these men, who have led masses, has been of the masses.

HITLER was, himself, a bohemian artist, dreaming of the Artist-Princes, who in happier days had been arbiters of nations, as advisers to kings. Wagner remains to this day the prototype of himself. Given a disintegrating society in which men with university degrees, real or imagined talents, and a past or imagined position of influence or power commensurate with their own opinions of themselves, see life slipping from them, denying them recognition, they become a strange proletariat—the proletariat of the intelligentsia. They are men accustomed to deal in ideas. Unemployed ideas feed upon themselves. The intellectual or half-intellectual gone berserk finds it easier to write ideas into action than into books. A book needs a publisher. A chair in a beer-hall is easier to find.

The backwash of a lost war—and possibly of any war—produces the armed disinherited. Civilian society in postwar Germany had to absorb thousands of demobilized officers. These men, lieutenants, captains, officers to the rank of major, had led the lives of an elite, commanding men, waited on by orderlies. Now they were demobilized into grayness, but with guns stored away here and there, and always with their old personal connections to those superiors and comrades in arms, who were still in the diminuitive professional army.

There was the stuff out of which to make the revolution against the people in the name of the people! The true "proletariat" are not the organized workers, protected by their unions and disciplined by the realities of work. The soldier who has known no other occupation, in a disarmed country; the youth, whether of the middle or working class, who has no prospect of a job; the unemployed—outcasts of the working class—these were the men whom Hitler armed and manipulated as the dynamite between right and left.

It is the greatest of errors to attribute this movement or this war to

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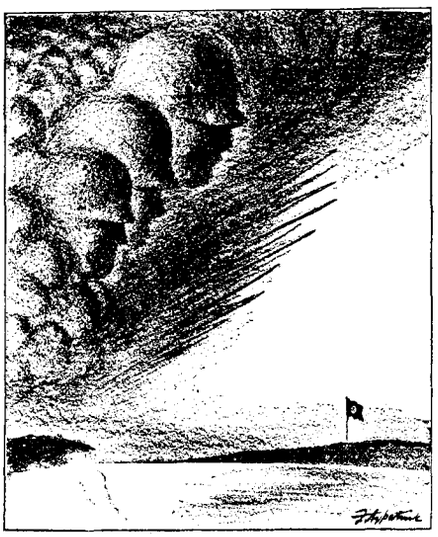
"Prussian militarism" or to "a capitalist plot." Hitler's struggle, from 1920 to 1934, was precisely against "Prussian militarism." Its apotheosis, General Von Seeckt, head of the postwar Reichswehr, emerged from the war with philosophical and intellectual contempt for modern wars of armed masses. Had any nation either won or lost the last war? He doubted it. When masses of millions are set in motion one can never foresee the end. An army of the state, yes. But the smaller, the more cohesive, the more brilliant, the better. An armed nation? Armed masses? What follies might they not undertake!

The capitalists believed that Economics is Destiny. Let others worry about a bit of territory shaved off here or there, or about the provisions of peace treaties. A sound budget, a contented working class, and rationalized industries were what Germany needed. German capitalists wanted reconciliation—with investors or with markets, whatever language they might speak. Peace is the best business.

BUT as both Satan and Savior know, who are seers into men's souls, man does not live by bread alone. There is a more awful insecurity than the lack of bread—the insecurity of not knowing what one lives by. When the lack of bread is added to a lack of higher purpose, man is adrift, open to savior or seducer. Mr. Heiden has probably never read Henry George, who wrote in "Progress and Poverty," in 1879:

> To turn a republican government into a despotism the basest and most brutal it is not necessary formally to change its constitution or abandon popular elections . . . forms are nothing when the substance is gone, and the forms of popular government are those from which the substance of freedom may most easily go . . . a government of theoretical equality may, under conditions which impell the change, most readily become a despotism. For their despotism advances in the name and with the might of the people. The single source of power once secured, everything is secured. There is . . . no privileged orders who in defending their rights may defend those of all. No bulwark remains to stay the flood . . . a mere aristocracy of wealth will never struggle while it can hope to bribe a tyrant.



—*Fitzpatrick*, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Gathering Storm

But Mr. Heiden saw what George foresaw. The prophecy came true in Der Fuehrer. Such capitalists as supported Hitler did so when his power with the masses was formidable. They "hoped to bribe." And, in the end, the Reichswehr did, too. Hitler kept his movement balanced between left and right, able to swing it in either direction. By 1934, it possessed a formidable trained force clamoring to turn the Seeckt army into "a people's revolutionary force." Then the Reichswehr bribed the tyrant, though the bribe was in the form of a threat. "Do away with this menace *or* we will revolt." The inference was plain, "Do away with it *and* we will serve."

That was the climax of "Mein Kampf." Hitler murdered the leaders of the armed intellectuals who had elevated him to power. With it he captured the last outpost of dangerous aristocratic resistance: the German Army with its aloof Prussian spirit. It was the cheapest bargain he ever struck, costing him only the heads of some of his most intimate friends. By what gigantic irony should it later turn out that one of his most valuable generals in the war of the armed masses should be Field Marshall General Ritter von Leeb, who had shot down Hitler's revolution in Munich before Der Fuehrer had mastered the art of oppressing the masses by the masses themselves!

But Der Fuehrer did not rise to power in a Germany in an historic and diplomatic vacuum. The years of his rise are years of unparalleled diplomatic frivolity, incompetence, and folly. Years when France, bled weak by her victory, was constantly locked in indecision, unable in the dilemma between fear and reality to pursue a policy of rearmament or disarmament, security or reconciliation; and while England, also dominated by the concept of Economics is Destiny, contributed to destroy even the ramshackle structure that the treaties had built, putting nothing better in their place.

WHAT profits did Hitler not reap from the Treaty of Versailles! The catchword "Self-determination of all nationalities," with which to spring open the neighboring states; the device of the popular plebiscite to secure "democratic" ratification in situ-

—*Knox*, Memphis Commercial-Appeal.
"Go, ahead, Adolf, tell the German people where you stand."

ations where no democratic concepts could have a reasoned hearing; the exclusive War Guilt charge, festering when allied scholars had blown it sky-high; the undefined reparations bill, under the pretext of which the French occupied the Ruhr, provoking the only genuine and spontaneous popular rising in German postwar history. For then, not the "armed intellectuals," the "Revolution of the Disinherited," sprang to Germany's defense, but the solid social-democratic workers of the great industrial valley, who laid down their tools as a man, demoralized the economy of Europe, precipitated the inflation, and won against all the French armies—because the French people would not stomach it—and overthrew Poincaré. This was one of Hitler's most dangerous moments. Did he support the resistance? No, he feared its success, and with success the collapse of his movement. In the moment when the Republic sprang to defend the country he launched new and virulent attacks on it. For the anti-Christ must not allow anything to consolidate; everything must be kept in ferment. No victories must be won except his victories.

And Hitler won from Versailles that little professional army of 100,000 highly selected men, trained for twelve full years—"imposed" upon Germany by the treaty. The Republic had asked for a militia and been refused. Fifteen years later at the Geneva disarmament conference the French offered Hitler a militia, and Hitler refused. The force created by Versailles was now his army, and he could ask no better one.

And finally what saved Hitler was the Great Depression, again the result of a world-wide economic crisis. Heiden graphs the rise and fall of the Nazi Reichstag seats with the curve of un-

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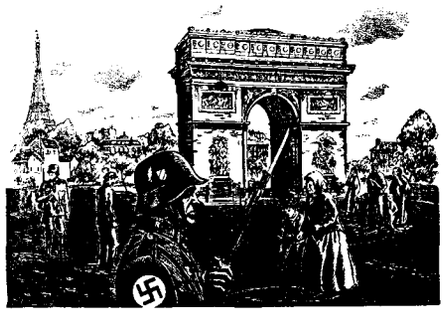
employment. The world had handed Hitler what he needed. A new ferment. A new frustration of the masses.

I greatly wish that every statesman concerned with the future peace would read this book. I fear that none of them, any more, have time. If they would read it they would put little faith in disarmament provisions and occupation armies. Only the rebirth of our civilization in honesty, decency, intelligence, and truth can save democratic society. Only the creation of the leadership of the democratic nobleman can supplant the armed adventurer. Otherwise Der Fuehrer will live as a fascinating spectre, luring men to the dream that, though he failed, next time the anti-Christ who has learned from his mistakes can win.

In 1932, Dorothy Thompson wrote "I Saw Hitler." At that time she had been a foreign correspondent in Europe for twelve years and had had a ringside seat at the growth of Nazism and Hitler's rise to power.



2. "Germany Will Try It Again"

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

Reviewed by M. W. Fodor

No matter who is the master of Germany after World War II, Hitler's Nazi ideas will still live on in some greedy hearts within Germany and without. Eager carriers of the Nazi disease, of the pan-German fever, are merely hibernating. It is up to us to keep them impotent.

For they know how the racket is worked—from inside. And they'll try it again.

THESE lines* were not written by an American radical such as Martha Dodd; this supreme warning comes from staid Sigrid Schultz who for twenty-two years—from 1919 to 1941—was correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* in Berlin.

Sigrid Schultz probably knew Germany better than any other correspondent, not only because this American girl probably spent the longest part of her life in Germany—she lived in the Reich with her American parents during the First World War—but also because she was extremely intelligent. Besides she was eager to learn about the country on which it was her duty to report back to the United States. Through the influence of her personality and through her connection with the newspaper, she was able to meet every leading German in the postwar period and came to know every leading Nazi in the Hitler regime. She also had excellent connections with the Reichswehr. At the same time she had good sources of information with the "left" parties. She was as well acquainted with the views of the communist underground as with the Nazi underground, the same organization which later was to become the ruling class of Hitler's Germany.

All the newspaper correspondents in and around Germany were always pleased to meet Miss Schultz in Berlin, Prague, or The Hague, or wherever she was to report for her paper. I remember meeting her, amongst others, in the Fall of 1939 in the Dutch capital. She learned from a high Reichswehr officer, and told me confidentially, that Germany was constructing 50,000 collapsible rubber boats. She was wondering what the Nazis needed so many rubber boats for. We finally put two and two together and came to the conclusion that apparently Germany intended to invade Holland and wished to overcome the Dutch water defenses by crossing them in rubber boats. I know that Miss Schultz's information came generally from the best sources, a fact which increases the value of her book.

Her warning is serious and definite. She shows, on the basis of her experiences after the last war, that Germany intends to repeat her camouflaged attempt to rearm once more in order to start a new war at the first possible occasion. Miss Schultz asserts that the evacuation from Dunkerque, the bombing of Berlin by British planes in 1940, and the loss of a "rehearsal" invasion force on the English Channel suddenly made the generals remember the days in 1914 when the Kaiser's troops were turned back in the battle of the Marne. The generals immediately realized that the present war, like the one in 1914-18, might be lost. Thus the generals decided, according to Miss Schultz, to "prepare for the battles-in-peace before the open war can fail." According to her, the best brains of Germany were already in 1940 assigned the task of devising undercover strategies. "Miss no detail of plotting the chart of intrigue, speculation, exploitation, vilification, fake love and fraternization, revolt, arson, class warfare, race riots, bribery, murder and general Kultur with which to carry on the German battle for domination when the world shall trustingly lay down its arms again, as it did in 1918," writes Miss Schultz.

Then she proceeds to enumerate all the maneuvers which the Germans are ready to carry out once more to fool the world. She describes the future German Trojan horses: the call for the "leader" in days when apparently everything is in a state of chaos, and then this "leader," approved by a frightened outside world, can do what Hitler has been doing since 1933. The Germans will claim to protect private enterprises and thus win the sympathy of capitalists abroad; they will emphasize the "Soviet danger" everywhere; they will create racial hatred wherever they can; they will convince the world once more of German superiority over other Europeans; they will use Christian shibboleths to attain their crooked aims; they intend to create distrust between the Allies, and they will try to convince the United States and England that only German industries can rebuild Europe.

Miss Schultz warns us that if we do not watch out we will have it all over again. One more defeat will not be enough, she argues. "But defeats must not be military. A set back on the war-in-peace front will tell fully as much as the loss of a fighting war salient." She tells us that if we do not believe this we should talk to some German soldiers interned in this country. When she asked some prisoners what they would do in case of failure, unanimously they replied: "We will go home; pick up our guns and fight again."

Within the limited space of a book review one cannot tell all about the extremely valuable observations and

**GERMANY WILL TRY IT AGAIN. By Sigrid Schultz. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1944. 238 pp. $2.50.*

DAS HERRENVOLK —

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warnings of Miss Schultz. She describes on the basis of her experiences after the last war how the Germans hoodwinked the Allies, how they exploited the sympathies of the sentimental Anglo-Saxons for their cause, and how, ever since the days of defeat, they have created a secret general staff with the purpose of planning the next war.

This is the most revealing, very serious, and yet most readable book on post-1918 Germany. It is full of information and valuable material by means of which we can learn all of the machinations the Germans used after the last war—"tricks" which, according to Miss Schultz, they intend to employ once more after the hue and cry of the present battle has receded.

M. W. Fodor, at present on the staff of The Chicago Sun, *has been a foreign correspondent for the past twenty-five years, being especially noted for his long experience in the Balkans. He is the author of "Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe" and "South of Hitler."*

3. "Germany after Hitler"

BY PAUL HAGEN

Reviewed by Hans Kohn

THIS book *represents the sincere effort by a moderate German socialist to grapple with the problem of the creation of a democratic Germany after Hitler's defeat. It is a strange mixture of a fervent optimism and a passionate belief in the existence and strength of democratic socialist forces in Germany to whom free scope should be given in the interest of the restoration of a sovereign Germany, and of a number of practical suggestions which should be taken into consideration even by those who, like the present reviewer, do not share this optimistic faith.

Mr. Hagen warns us rightly against our playing with any "decent conservative forces" in Germany, as was tried after 1918. This effort, especially on the part of the British, was based on the erroneous belief that Germany is a country like other Western countries and that the German people fundamentally desire peace and individual liberty. Mr. Hagen rightly points out that national characters are different as the result of historical development, and that Germany shows a marked similarity with Japan.

But Mr. Hagen himself, like so many German democrats, remains above all fascinated by the idea of strong national unity and self-determination. There was once a real humanitarian liberalism dominating the minds of the German educated classes. That was in the eighteenth century when the goal of individual liberty and human dignity was alive in the hearts of so many Germans, while that of national centralization hardly existed. The peculiar character of German social and intellectual development confined the dream of individual liberty to the realm of the mind; through the successes of Bismarck and his centralization of Germany it was replaced, in the political reality and soon in the hearts of the Germans, by the ideal of national power and centralized unity. Yet a new era for the Germans will dawn when not primarily national liberty from alien "oppression," but individual liberty and the rights of man against one's own national government will be really and firmly willed in Germany, as it has never yet been done by the Germans. There are many interpreters of the events of 1918 who believe that the "democratic" revolution in Germany then was accomplished not by the German democrats to purge and transform Germany radically, but by the German generals who overthrew the monarchy to save the army and to prepare for the coming war. That there is fear that a new German "democracy" may be aimed above all at undoing as far as possible the defeat, is a suspicion which may be in many minds in those countries which have become the victims of German aggression.

This suspicion may be unfounded, but passages in Mr. Hagen's book will rather strengthen it, as when he demands a plebiscite for the Sudetenland which, with German national sentiment strong as it undoubtedly is, will bring the Sudetenland to the Reich and thus create again that dependency of the Czechs on Germany which existed after Munich.

In 1918, the German "democratic" revolution happened to prevent occupation and to influence the peace terms. This time the victims of German aggression will demand definite guarantees of a real change of heart in Germany before they will again, as they did prematurely after 1918, abandon the safeguards against renewed German aggression. An exacting vigilance will be ultimately in the interest

**GERMANY AND HITLER. By Paul Hagen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 240 pp. $2.*

Paul Hagen

of the growth of a true German democracy. Nobody contends that the German people and the National Socialists are identical; but it is a fact that the overwhelming majority of the Germans submitted enthusiastically to the National Socialists by the Spring of 1933 when it became clear that the National Socialists would increase German power. And in the years of Hitler's great successes, from 1935 to 1940, an immense majority of Germans were proud and happy in view of the German victories.

Of course, now when Hitler loses the war, many Germans will reconsider the soundness of the methods of National Socialism. Long before Hitler came into power German democracy had abdicated. In 1925 the old imperial Marshal, who represented the ideology and society of aggressive German militarism, became the first popularly elected President of the Reich, and his re-election in 1932 was even hailed as a victory for democracy, for the democratic parties in Germany had then no candidate of moderately democratic or reasonably nationalistic leanings who could be expected to rally any considerable number of German votes. It is a great mistake to identify the German problem with National Socialism. The German problem was there before Hitler and, in all probability, it will remain long after Hitler. The fall of Hitler and the dissolution of the party will in no way solve it. A comparison with Italy is not well-founded: the two nations have little in common in their national ideals or histories. Fascism has no deep roots in the Italian soil, National Socialism is deeply embedded in German convictions of mind and society created by a long past. Nothing

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could be more dangerous for the future peace and for the growth of democracy in Germany herself than to overlook this fundamental fact.

Mr. Hagen's book, though it should find a respectful hearing on account of the deep and moving sincerity of its author and the justice and common sense of some of his suggestions, will unfortunately not allay the deep fears in the hearts of the friends of peace and human liberty everywhere, including Germany.

Hans Kohn, noted Czech historian and author of many books dealing with dictatorships in Europe and the East, is now professor of history at Smith College.

4. "What to Do with Germany"

BY LOUIS NIZER

Reviewed by Capt. C. Brooks Peters

TO Mr. Nizer* Germany is, and for tens of centuries has been, a cesspool of iniquity. The German people possess aggressive and totalitarian characteristics which have persisted throughout 2,000 years of their history. It is these characteristics, perversely nurtured through the centuries, which are apparently continuingly responsible for the ills of the Occident, and also the world.

"Never again must we be deluded into misplacing responsibility for German aggression," Mr. Nizer asserts. "It is not the leader of the day, whether he be Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Frederick Wilhelm, the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, the Kaiser or Hitler, who wages war against mankind. It is the German people. Conditioned by centuries of false indoctrination—of a mad philosophy, of an absurd 'soil-blood' racial theory, of a mystical paganism, the German people have ever been arch-conspirators against civilization. They have deliberately plotted to destroy it and subdue all mankind to serfdom. They have given their brains, their energies and their very lives through the centuries in fanatical devotion to this task. They have used inhuman and sadistic methods to achieve their psychotic national desires. They have ignored all civilized standards and restraints, and have made barbarism an ideal. They have distorted nationalism into a ritual of international murder."

By a system of selective quotation, Mr. Nizer purports to prove the historical accuracy of this view. He dashes through several thousand years of German history with the alacrity, and thoroughness, of a Nazi schoolmaster.

He is unconcerned with all distinctions, moral and otherwise, between Charlemagne, Bismarck, and Hitler. He evidences no interest in the interplay of socio-historical forces in Europe through the centuries and down to the modern era. He makes no distinction between the earlier aspirations of the Germans to achieve national unity and the predatory imperialism of Nazism. He overlooks, or is unaware of, Germany's geographical position in Europe and its effect upon the national ethos.

For centuries Germany was Europe's battlefield. It is well to recall whether the Germans were responsible for all of the wars which ravaged their lands for so many years: the Thirty Years' war, the War of the Spanish Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the wars of Napoleon. To "historians" like Mr. Nizer it is permissible to recommend some additional research, with the objective of discovering what a decade ago some of America's leading scholars, during an era of relative international calm and amity, concluded relative placing the responsibility for commencing the last World War.

Somewhat grudgingly, Mr. Nizer concedes there may be some Germans who are not as their brothers. He phrases it neatly: "we shall not consider every German a vicious representative of his nation's corruptness." The "decent" Germans shall be permitted to aid in the reconstruction of their country, but they either are too few in number, or potentially too irresponsible, to be trusted with the remaking of Germany.

Louis Nizer

What then is to be done with the German people? In this most moderate, most clear, and most unemotional portion of his book Mr. Nizer poses four basic problems and offers a solution for each.

First, violators of international law and the dictates of humanity must be punished. Second, prophylactic precautions must be taken against the recurrence of German militarism. Third, there must be a sound policy of economic and financial reconstruction. Finally, the "poisonous doctrine" of Pan-Germanism must be eradicated by education so that Germany safely may join "the community of civilized nations."

Each of these problems is to be solved by the United Nations, and the solution imposed upon the German people, who will have no choice but to accept it without question or remonstrance.

All the German people will be taken into "protective custody." The sovereignty of Germany will be suspended. No government, even one established by revolution against Nazism, will be recognized, nor will any peace terms be negotiated or concluded with any German group until prolonged occupation and complete reorientation of Germany. Peace finally will be given the German people, by dictation not negotiation, and only after they have been molded into the pattern determined by their vanquishers.

The peace terms, as envisaged by Mr. Nizer, would include provision for the execution of several hundred thousand ranking officers of the German armed forces, party, and government, headed by the Fuehrer. Of this group, some 5,000 should be executed summarily without any formality other than their proper identification. "Those condemned by name in the armistice should include the Fuehrer, the members of his cabinet, the Gauleiters, and the members of the High Command, governors of the occupied regions, and the leading bureaucrats in the state, municipal and Nazi Party organizations," Mr. Nizer declares.

German industrial leaders, the author maintains, are culpable along with their political and military leaders of plotting the conquer the world. They too must be tried, for conspiring against world peace and for looting the world.

Mr. Nizer concedes it will not be

(*Continued on page* 33)

**WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY. By Louis Nizer. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1944. 213 pp. $2.50.*

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Catastrophe Against a Generation

JEAN MALAQUAIS' WAR DIARY. By Jean Malaquais. Translated by Peter Grant. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE entries in this diary run from the end of August, 1939, to the middle of July, 1940; from the author's response to the French order of General Mobilization to the day of his return to Paris as an escaping prisoner. They record the suffering of an individual and the downfall of a people, with the emphasis on the personal trial rather than on the general disaster; an emphasis that is natural in view of the character of the document. For this is a true diary, written with no more thought of publication than was inevitable in the case of a man of letters, and showing no signs of having been worked over in the light of events subsequent to its writing. But, whatever the emphasis, France's tragedy is here in this book, as well as Jean Malaquais's months of misery. It is a book that is all alive, with not a dead line in it. It is brutal, because filled with so much that its author loathes. It is ugly with the ugliness of man at his most beastly. It is deeply moving; and it is never heroic.

When Jean Malaquais went to war it was to a war in which he did not believe. He saw it as a catastrophe that would nullify his past and present and all his future plans; as "something which will have the better not only of me but of my whole generation." That it might also have the better "of this accursed system of human relations which exhausts its genius preparing one massacre on top of another" was only a pious hope. At best, he looked forward to "fifteen or twenty years of war, continuous, interrupted, begun again; to revolutions, epidemics, famines; until men no longer have the strength to lift an arm." When he saw himself and his fellows shedding their civilian clothes, he was witnessing their transformation into "the thing I have always abhorred—the soldier."

Malaquais, sensitive physically, intelectually aloof, poet and prose writer, just beginning his thirties but already possessing the respect of such men as Gide, Malraux, and Martin du Gard, found himself thrust into a herd of French peasants who, by putting on uniforms, felt themselves freed from even the lax code of decency they had observed in civilian life. They sank promptly "to the lowest levels of degradation" and wallowed "there contentedly." Their talk and actions were a double outrage upon the diarist's sensibilities; their intercourse a continuous exchange of foul phrases, foul odors, and foul gestures. In short, the brotherhood of arms, as Malaquais found it, was nothing but life on a stinking dunghill of offensive promiscuity and moral vileness. "Upon contact with such crude and irremediably stupid men," he writes, "I feel my last bit of pride at being a man ebbing

Jean Malaquais

away." "God, how I despise them! And how, through them, I despise myself!" "I wonder whether life in common does not engender some kind of moral virus which has the property of decaying and rotting the individual." And, in less philosophical vein, the author of *Les Javanais* sets down the filthiness of his fellows in words only less filthy than their own.

It was the winning of the Renaudot Prize by *Les Javanais*, in December, 1939, that marked a change in Malaquais's military fortunes. The honor and publicity awarded this novel (published in the United States, 1942, as "Men from Nowhere") made his regiment aware of him as a celebrity and was responsible for his assignment to an Artillery Labor Battalion and for his subsequent appointment as news vendor in the *Foyer* at Keskastel. Thereafter things were much better from the point of view of human decency. He lived well and fed well and found that the average French workman, even in uniforms, is not the beast that the average French peasant pleases himself by being. This "soft spot" came to him because "those in high places" decided that special abilities should be employed; "that newspapers and periodicals called for a 'man of letters'; therefore the 'man of letters' was put to selling the newspapers, and the former vendor was sent back to raking manure."

Things went better for the prize-winner, but France's conduct of the war made no more sense than before. That Malaquais's regiment had lost itself on its first march, in its own country, on "an asphalt road, studded with milestones," had been at once a symbol and a prophecy. And the fact that, even after the German invasion of Norway, no occupation better than useless fatigues could be found for French soldiers in Lorraine was another portent of disaster. Meanwhile, until the storm burst, red-tape unwound its strangling length.

The storm did burst, and after that the story of Jean Malaquais merged with a larger story that has already been told many times. But it has never been told more compellingly than in this diary. The blind going-down of a people. Armies in retreat without ever having seen the enemy: "It seems that from one end of the world to the other roads and highways are choked with the river of marching men—marching as if the only thing we could do still was to wander in search of some fabled estuary." Lost armies under bombing, impotent to reply: "And the forest still swarmed with fugitive and wounded and dying; officers and non-officers, bearded and beardless, helmeted and unhelmeted; the forest panted with a monstrous life, in a monstrous collective death agony, while up above, from their shiny cockpits, little, blond, well-disciplined men sowed capsules painted with the colors of the swastika." Soldiers and civilians mingling in a tide; soldiers giving themselves over to "the unspeakable, the savage joy of destruction"; men and women utterly out of control, as they might be "on the Day of Judgment." And then the turning of the tide by the conquerors, the sifting of the military from the non-military elements, the herding of the former in their hundreds of thousands. And finally, the long human river flowing wearily back towards Germany.

To say that this is a book to read is to say in a few words what this review has already said in many. You will find its rewards various, for war does not fill all its pages. There are flashes of literary talk and artistic insights that are all the more stimulating for their brevity. Mr. Grant's translation is spirited, seldom clumsy, and apparently faithful. For a final estimate of this diary's full worth and significance we must wait until the time has passed when, "To avoid being crushed, one must march with the rank and file, caw with the crows."

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What Has Become of the Limerick?

Even the Printable Ones Have Come Upon Lean Days

COWL RIDER

WHAT has become of the limerick? Is it to be consigned to the ash heap of box-top advertising ("Send in Your Last Line, with the Top from a Carton of Gookies," etc.)? This would indeed represent a tragedy, for although the association of the limerick with commerce has often proved profitable, its employment thus rarely, if ever, has resulted in noteworthy additions to English verse.

It was just about eighteen years ago —the late Summer of 1926—that Herbert Langford Reed's "The Complete Limerick Book," illustrated by H. M. Bateman, was published in the United States by G. P. Putnam's Son's (The Knickerbocker Press). Of Reed's book, the *SRL* said: "There is considerably more verse here than Poe would swallow at a sitting, if ever. But one may be particular and discriminating with limericks and conclude that Mr. Reed's detritus only goes to prove the precious quality of the gems."

Also in 1925, Putnam's published Carolyn Wells's "Book of American Limericks," for the most part a dull collection, although it included many limericks Reed, an Englishman, had placed among his "400 Selected Examples." The next year, "Little Blue Book No. 1018," issued by the Haldeman-Julius Company, entitled with frightful lack of awareness, "A Book of Humorous Limericks," edited by Clement Wood, made its appearance. Those were gay days for the limerick.

Anyone who turns back to the 1920's to renew his acquaintance with the limerick will bump into the ancient controversy: Where was the first limerick perpetrated? (The verb is Reed's). Reed, a veteran of World War I and when last heard from an R.A.F. officer serving in World War II, is one of the few champions of the limerick who stoutly maintains that its origin has anything to do with Limerick, Ireland, or vice versa. In the dedication to "The Complete Limerick Book," he chided Thackeray for having neglected, in his "Irish Sketch Book," to identify Limerick "with a fascinating form of metrical frivolity." Reed further complained: "With incredible perverseness his omission has been followed by the compilers of our national works of reference. For example, in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' although we find much interesting and useful information about Limerick, there is never a word concerning the city's right to be acknowledged as the 'birthplace' of one of our most popular national recreations. Is it too much to hope that in the next edition of this Brobdingnagian work this lamentable lacuna will be rectified?"

Reed's hope was fulfilled shortly thereafter when the compilers took note of his plaint.

In the Fourteenth Edition, for example, the "Britannica" primly notes: ". . . the limerick [is] a kind of ribald epigram, passed on by word of mouth, and more often whispered than sung." Calling attention to Reed's defense of Limerick, Ireland, as a source, and to his espousal of

> *Digerie, Digerie Doge,*
> *La souris ascend l'horloge;*
> *L'horloge frappe,*
> *La souris s'échappe,*
> *Digerie, Digerie, Doge.*

as apparently representing a true limerick form, the "Britannica" observes, again primly, that a verse form is permitted of "almost as wide a license in metre as it has latterly attained in morals," indicating that the limerick in 1929 had fallen indeed.

The views of Clement Wood and of Carolyn Wells on the question of source are typical of those to which the anti-Limerick (Ireland) clique stubbornly clings. Wood, who traces the limerick's origin to Mother Goose rhymes,

declares: "In spite of eminent researches [without doubt referring to Reed's painstaking efforts] the history of the limerick is a series of 'It wasn'ts' and 'It didn'ts,' and similar negatives. To give a few examples . . . It did not come from an old refrain commencing 'Will you come up to Limerick'? [as Reed affirms] . . . It was not really first written by Lord Bacon or Babe Ruth." (The last named was, if I recall correctly, at that time cutting quite a figure with the Yankees, and had acquired a reputation as a highly temperamental fellow given to questioning the eyesight of umpires). Miss Wells is even more brusque: "To link the matter up with the song, 'Won't you come up to Limerick?' is a mere fancy, founded on no truth whatever." She fails to identify a source, however, and confuses the issue by declaring that Edward Lear's verses were not called limericks.

And *that* dispute today remains pretty much where it was eighteen years ago.

TO the younger generation it probably comes as a surprise to discover that limericks existed prior to the eccentric verses and drawings of Edward Lear. (*Digerie, Digerie,* etc., antedated Lear by about a century.) Lear, as all too few teachers of English seem to be aware (even if they are fully aware of the limerick), was also something of an artist and author on the subject of natural history, and was a drawing master to Queen Victoria. Although Lear's construction of limericks—the last line being more often than not an echo of the first—is not regarded as good form by more modern critics, his eminence in the field, it would seem, certainly should have brought him under the scrutiny of high-school or college students of English more frequently than is the rule. Perhaps, however, the very fact that limericks have been largely ignored by professors of English (at least during hours of formal instruction) has been in the limerick's favor, as deliberately ignored or forbidden literature somehow manages to receive the attention some of it deserves.

But how many students never discover that Dante Gabriel Rossetti was no mean composer of limericks? Or never are told by their tutors that Dean Inge turned his hand occasionally to this form of expression, as did Swinburne, Arnold Bennett, Robert Louis Stevenson, and John Galsworthy? And how many callow youths of today are aware that Gelett Burgess wrote anything other than some lines on a purple cow?

Unfortunately, it is true, as George Bernard Shaw and Bennett have observed, that the best limericks are un-

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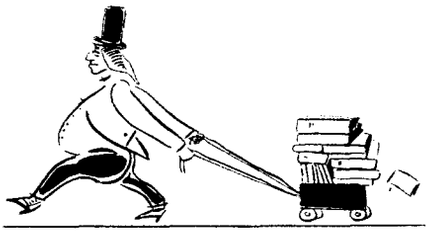
printable. The compilers of the "Britannica" no doubt had this fact in mind.

It is worth recalling that Reed, in his search of limericks for his book, hopefully wrote Commissioner Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, for contributions. The commissioner replied: "I appreciate very much your kind suggestion, but you will see from the enclosed that limericks are not at all in my line." The enclosed was, according to Reed, "a tract entitled 'Six-Six-Six—the Mark of the Beast.'" The Mark of the Beast, it turned out, was addiction to "Sport; including golf, football, and tennis; Gambling, Drink, Cinemas, Dress, and Money Madness."

There must be a good many among the older generation who recall the limerick craze of 1907-08 in Britain, which had its repercussions in this country, when contests flourished in many newspapers and other periodicals. In those days publishers were every bit as enterprising as their followers have proved to be, if not more so: each competitor was required to send a money order (usually for sixpence, or thereabouts) with each limerick. Thus the cost of the contest, including the paying out of prizes, was virtually nil. Indeed, one may suspect that here and there a tidy profit was achieved. A Mr. Samuda, tobacco merchant, was a great patron of the limerick, as Mr. Reed relates, and in 1907 sponsored a contest, the winner of which was to receive an income of three pounds per week for life. The sale of Traylee's must have boomed, because Mr. Samuda followed this contest with another, offering as the prize a house, horse and trap, and an income of two pounds per week for life. The house was "furnished throughout by Waring & Gillow, and containing kitchen, drawing-room, dining room and bedrooms . . . table linen, crockery, household utensils . . . every modern improvement, including bathroom h. and c.) electric light, etc." Reed faithfully recorded in his book that the winner was one Robert McGhee, of Patrick, Scotland. It would be interesting to know if Mr. McGhee is still living, and what has become of his house, with h. and c.

Reed, incidentally, wrote Mr. Samuda to inquire "as to the methods by which [the winners] were able to compile lines worthy of such super-recognition" but Mr. Samuda did not reply and "did not even send a box of his well-known cigars."

Since the principal purpose of this article is purely to refresh memories in which lines of some of the more famous limericks have grown faint (the printable verses, that is) let us get on to a few which have won a place in English literature, a place



they are destined to hold despite the fact that students become acquainted with their virtues by hearsay or by accident.

Most of Rossetti's limericks were topical and biting, and concerned his friends or his critics. Of his friend Whistler, he wrote:

There's a combative artist named
Whistler,
Who is, like his hog hairs, a bristler.
A tube of white lead
And a punch on the head
Offered varied attractions to Whistler.

When the poet and novelist, Robert Buchanan, attacked Rossetti's poems writing under another name in *The Contemporary Review*, he drew the following:

As a critic, the poet Buchanan,
Thinks Pseudo much safer than
Anon,
Into Maitland he shrunk
But the smell of the skunk
Guides the shuddering nose to Buchanan.

THE "Britannica," which attempts to enshroud the limerick in a behind-the-barn atmosphere, might well have noted Reed's interesting observation that members of the church not only have been responsible for more limericks than all other professions put together, but that a large proportion suggest a clerical *mise en scène*. The most famous limerick in this category is undoubtedly

There was a young monk of Siberia
Who of fasting grew wearier and
wearier,
Till at length with a yell
He burst from his cell
And devoured the Father Superior.

There are other indelicate versions of the "monk of Siberia," more or less similar to the following:

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose existence grew drearier and
drearier.
He burst from his cell
With a hell of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

Equally famous is the limerick by Oliver Wendell Holmes, beginning "The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher." (Anyone in the class not knowing the last line to *that* verse, which is still in the repertory of Rotary speakers, may look it up for himself, and shame on him.)

George du Maurier was responsible for some delightful lines, such as

Il était une jeune fille de Tours,
Une peu vite, qui portait toujours
Une chapeau billy-coque,
Un manteau peau-de-phoque,
Et des p'tits pantalons au velours.

Arnold Bennett, although he composed a number of limericks, sent the following to Reed with the note that "this is the only one I can remember":

There was a young man of Montrose,
Who had pockets in none of his
clothes.
When asked by his lass
Where he carried his brass,
He said, "Darling, I pay through the
nose."

The limerick which has probably been written hundreds of thousands of times into young people's autograph books (why, heaven only knows) is the one by Dixon Merritt, who years ago was president of the American Association of Humorists:

A rare old bird is the pelican,
His beak holds more than his belican.
He can take in his beak
Enough food for a week.
I'm darned if I know how the helican.

There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Wren, four Larks and a Hen,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

This drawing of Edward Lear, High Priest of the Limerick, is from "Edward Lear on My Shelves," by William B. Osgood Field.

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Gelett Burgess wrote limericks which attained, as many do not, the degree of grotesqueness essential to the truly—dare it be said?—great limerick. Among the few redeeming features of Miss Wells's slim book are several Burgess creations:

I wish that my room had a floor;
I don't so much care for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore!

There's nothing in afternoon tea
To appeal to a person like me;
There is little to eat,
What there is is too sweet!
And I feel like a cow in a tree!

The following lines by Burgess are interesting not only for their content but for the unorthodox form of the limerick:

My house is too little to live in;
Oh! What would I do in a flat?
With a bore for a caller
It seems even smaller;
There's nothing so strange about that!

And who does not recall Oliver Herford's delightful

There was a young lady of Twickenham,
Whose shoes were too tight to walk in 'em.
She came back from a walk
Looking white as a chalk
And took 'em both off and was sick in 'em.

The above is attributed to Herford by Clement Wood. Reed offers, as being an anonymous creation, another version:

There was a young lady of Twickenham,
Whose boots were too tight to walk quickenham.
She bore them awhile,
But at last, at a stile,
She pulled them both off and was sickenham.

Friends of the late Mr. Herford without doubt will offer proof that neither version is correct, but it can only be said that one of the fascinating things about limericks is the argument which invariably arises when anyone has the temerity to say, "So-and-so wrote this limerick," or to maintain that it was a young lady of *Riga* who went for a ride on a tiger, and not the young lady of *Niger*. Oblivious to possible brickbats, I venture to say that it was Herford who wrote

There once were some learned M.D.'s
Who captured some germs of disease
And infected a train,
Which, without causing pain,
Allowed one to catch it with ease.

Twickenham also appears in another limerick, amid more pleasant associations:

There was a young woman of Twickenham,
Of sausages never got sick on 'em.
She knelt on the sod
And prayed to her God
To lengthen and strengthen and thicken 'em.

I should like to know, by the way, who created this three-fifths of a limerick which gives evidence of considerable ingenuity:

There once was a maiden Circassian,
Was loved by a gemp'mun of fashion.

* * * * *

(The asterisks indicate passion).

There have been limericks without number composed as tongue-twisting exercises, or as tests of the reader's ability to interpret abbreviations. One of the most difficult of the latter is

There was a rich man of N. Y.,
The gayest who ever dr. c.,
All the manner of beasts
Were seen at his feasts,
And he never was known to ch. p.

Among others less worrisome are the following:

There was a young lady named Psyche,
Who was heard to ejaculate "Pcryche!"
For, when riding her pbych
She ran over a ptych,
And fell on some rails that were pspyche.

A girl who weighs many an oz.,
Used language I will not pronoz.;
Her brother one day
Pulled her chair right away;
He wanted to see if she'd boz.

There's a "don-cher-know" chappie named Cholmondeley,
Whose appearance could scarce be called colmondeley;
In the zoo he was spied
And at once lodged inside
The baboon cage. (This reads rather rolmondeley).

One of the writer's favorites is:

Some charming selections from Strauss
A pianist played at our hauss;
Though we shouted "Encore!"
And clamored for more
The neighbors did nothing but grauss.

And also:

"I must leave here," sighed Lady de Vere,
"For these damp airs don't suit me, I fear!"
Cried her friend, "Goodness me!
If they never agree
With your system, why eat pears, my dear?"

Teeth seem to have been an especially popular subject:

There was an old man of Blackheath,
Who sat on his set of false teeth.
Said he with a start,
"O Lord, bless my heart!
I've bitten myself underneath!"

There was a young lady of Keighley,
Whose principal charm in her teeth lay;
When they fell on her plate
She called out, "I hate
Mishaps of this kind, they are beathly."

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who sat on his false teeth and bent 'em.
When asked what he'd lost,
And what they did cost,
He said, "They weren't mine, I was lent 'em."

There was an old fellow of Cosham,
Who took out his false teeth to wash 'em.
But his wife said, "Now Jack,
If you don't put them back,
I'll jump on the d— things and squash 'em."

Possibly this was the same Jack who married the young lady of Eaton:

Whose figure had plenty of meat on.
She said, "Marry me, Jack,
And you'll find that my back
Is a nice place to warm your cold feet on."

If there are any readers asking, at this point, what of the duchess with the rumblings abdominal, and what of the major who rhododendron, let them seek out their particular favorites and tell them to their children and their children's children, because it is greatly to be feared that there are youngsters growing up around us who never even heard of the limerick. This is too bad, and is a condition which probably will persist until someone "discovers" the limerick, whereat, quicker than you can say there-was-a-young-man-of-Ostend, dozens of merchants will be offering collapsible houses, autogyros, and incomes of $10,000 a year for life to composers of the best last lines to prefabricated limericks.

Just wait and see if they don't.

Cowl Rider is editorial writer for the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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Lineal Descendant of Saki

THE TOUCH OF NUTMEG. By John Collier. Foreword by Clifton Fadiman. New York: The Press of The Readers Club. 1944. 247 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

JOHN COLLIER has an extremely pretty wit, usually bland, unexpected, and deceptive, which is the best kind. In America it would be described as "poker-faced" or "dead-pan"; in John Collier's original country—England—it might be spoken of as "having you on," or "pulling your leg." It is very much of the school of Saki, as indeed his stories in their entirety are. Complete lineal descendants, although completely original and themselves. But every now and then the wit is more malicious than Saki's, choosing a lesser object, and then it is good or bad depending on that object. If it hits a robin, there is a sense of ammunition wasted.

There is a wonderful story about Saki—he was killed in the last war, you remember—coming back on leave from the Western Front, and putting on beautiful civilian clothes, and lounging about his London club, where an ancient fire-eater, a friend of his father's, found him.

> "But my dear boy!" he said. "My dear boy! . . . Not in uniform at this time in the world's history? Not in some sort of service? . . . Incredible!"
>
> "I tried it" said Saki, "but didn't like it. Such noise—such confusion—so many people one doesn't know."

But, to the contrary, John Collier has an infallible instinct for horror. The best contemporary one there is—far out in the lead. So much so, that I think frequently, and abruptly, he must frighten himself. Not on lonely roads or in haunted houses. Nothing as commonplace as that. But the far worse feeling of horror that creeps over you like a sudden paralyzing chill with a lot of people around; at cocktail parties, or something like that, when for a moment you are objective, and look into someone's eyes, or metaphorically speaking, into your own. That's dry-as-dust, desert horror. John Collier takes his horror more seriously than his wit, and that's why, it seems to me, his murder stories are practically perfect, while his fantasies, mostly diabolic, usually break down right at the end like a delicate bamboo rod with too big a fish on it.

Or rather, a fish that has been skilfully played up to the last minute, and then has been allowed to wriggle off because the fisherman was bored. Otherwise, well-made rods neither break nor lose their fish.

In these tales, whenever there is enough horror, the horror keeps the wit in order, and so the combination cannot be improved upon.

But in the twelve or so fantasies included, with a couple of exceptions, there is something inherently wrong, and I wonder if it is this.

Fantasy, and fairy-tales, and folk-tales, have a classic and rigid form, and an equally classic content, as do similar pieces in music and poetry. And these are inherent, and cannot be tampered with, or experimented

with, or modernized, or improved upon, for two excellent basic reasons.

First, the malign powers involved, the anti-protagonists, are too powerful and uninhibited. If they win, there's no contest. Only if your leading character is a very great villain indeed should the Devil, or the lesser demon, or the Jinn, or the bad fairy, or whatever Power and Principality it is, get the better of him. Otherwise it isn't fair, and when the devils, or jinns, and so on, disappear with their victims, there is left the echo of an unpleasant snigger, both on the part of the author and the demon.

I may be wrong, but fantasy has always appeared to me as one of the few literary expressions in which virtue, even if it is shabby, must win. Fantasy, like the fairy-tale or the folk-tale, is essentially moral. Even "The Arabian Nights" is essentially moral, just as American Indian folk-lore is essentially moral, because the weak, trapped by the all-powerful, always win; often, it is true, by a dirty trick which leaves you sorry for the jinn, or the demon, or the devil, but none the less assured in your human solidarity. You can be playful with fantasy or folk-lore, but never smart-Alec.

The story of the old lady who was taken to see Niagara Falls illustrates perfectly what I am trying to say.

For years the family had been saving money and scraping in this way or that, to get her there. When they did, she stared at the water for a long while with no expression on her face. The family felt let-down.

> "Don't you like it, grandmother?" they asked. "Isn't it wonderful?"
>
> The old lady shrugged her shoulders.
>
> "Well—" she said, deprecatingly," "what's to hinder?"

And I think a great many of the bright and talented authors, editors, and critics of the pre-war, nineteen-twenty to -forty period, should memorize that story. Any one of the three or four forms of uninhibited expression—there aren't many—because of the very lack of inhibitions, has extra need for inhibition self-imposed. That isn't a parodox; it's the ancient truth that power of any kind demands corresponding responsibility.

Like the devil, or the jinn, or the bad-fairy, the author also is completely powerful in a fantasy. Moving in a never-never world, he can do exactly what he pleases, and therefore most exactly cannot do what he pleases. Released from any necessity of the rational, or the realistic, or the human, he must use his freedom with discrimination and, if anything, become more human. Faust had to turn against the world and undergo a long period of degeneration before the devil got him, and Dr. Jekyll did the same. You can't take any old scrubby human being and turn him over. If you do, it's like some undergraduate joke. And when John Collier remembers this, his fantasies are as perfect as his murder stories.

"The Right Side" is such a story, and so is "Thus I Refute Beelzy." The latter is a magnificent fantasy—also a horror story—in which he who should, most certainly gets his proper come-uppance. Stories like "Ah, the University!," "Possession of Angela Bradshaw," and "Night! Youth! Paris! and the Moon!," fall into a different category and, since there's nothing to trip up the wit, are marvelously funny and absurd. In short, I, for one, wish John Collier would forget his preoccupation with the Devil, who's really a dull and unpleasant fellow, and too much around at present, anyway, with a lot of his lesser demons, and concentrate on murder long or short. Long, I hope, and lots of it.

Clifton Fadiman's Foreword is admirable. It would be, coming from the most precise and brilliant critic in the country, but I don't think he gives John Collier enough credit. These stories are indeed "odd, aromatic, and spicy," but many of them are also, for their technique, at least, "beautiful," and several are "memorable." Chinese Chippendale is often both beautiful and memorable. It would be a pity if The Press of the Readers Club fell into the habit of patronizing, indulgently, the especial authors it honors by its especial selections.

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A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

"AND soonest our best men with thee do go." Fortunately, in John Donne's famous sonnet on death, we can put a better word than "soonest" for William Allen White. He lived out his span, and there has been no better and no more rewarding life for friends and country than the career of this editor and man-of-letters and public voice of democracy, who has been for a generation the symbol of the great Middle West.

I knew him first only as one of the thousands who warmed to the honesty and courage of his writing. I knew him later as a public figure in action in New York and in London. But for eighteen years I have been associated with him personally in the trials and the humors and the intimate sharings of opinion in the monthly gatherings of the judges of a book club. He did not always come on from Kansas for our meeting, but his sound common sense, his warm spirit, his positive likes and dislikes were always in our air.

If he could not come, there would be a lengthy yellow sheet of telegram, a masterpiece of epigrammatic criticisms of the books he had read. All the solid Middle West would be in those telegrams—its background of Puritanism, cracking down on the flippantly indecent, surprisingly appreciative of frank honesty, scornful of piddling sophistication. All its liberalism, too, the liberalism of a man who hated equally reaction and the radical dogmatism of writers who had never tried to make politics or economics do useful work. When he found a book that seemed to him to do the job that good books should, please, and clarify, and lift the imagination of the reader, you could almost see his typewriter finger descend with a whoop on the key. His criticism was instinctive, and sometimes (so the others might think) it was wrong, and we told him so. But when it was right, how right it was!

If we disagreed with his judgment in these meetings when only his spirit was present, and said so over the long distance to Kansas, he would talk to us as if we were the Kansas legislature, "If that's what all of you think, I'm with you." Brought up in a country which has grown politically great by letting a majority prove itself right, or hang itself, he had no vanity of personal opinion. Unlike the kind of professional critic with whom we are too familiar, he had wisdom as well as knowledge, and was wise enough to know that every man, being born to prejudice, is sure to be wrong somehow, sometimes, somewhere.

One saw in him how a good molder of public opinion functions. He must have honesty himself, he must have modesty, he must have courage, he must have deep convictions, he must (whether in books or in life) be willing to believe that his opponent is as human as himself. There was a little of Lincoln in William Allen White, and a dash of Mark Twain, and some of the sweet reasonableness of Thomas Jefferson when he was trying to persuade, and he could pounce like Theodore Roosevelt, and be as eloquent when he spoke for Kansas as Thoreau in defense of the farmers of Concord. But most of all, he was his unique self, and is likely to become a symbol like these others for future generations.

I never saw him angry but once, and then he reminded me of one of those much loved family dogs you see on a farm, bred to good will, the friend of children, the protector of the home, who will nuzzle a stray calf toward the gate with only a kindly nip or two;—but let a dishonest invader appear, twice his size, and he will whirl him off in a cloud of dust. Someone had maliciously attacked a distinguished author without even reading his book. William Allen White's words were few, but where they struck the paint peeled off.

There used to be a good deal of foolish talk about the great American novel, and what it would be like—at a time when many had been written, but had not been recognized because the critics were looking for the kind of novel which would be representative of what America did not have and did not want,—and never would write. There has been much more sensible talk as to what men in our history should be regarded as typical Americans. If a hundred lists should be made, Bill White would be on all of them. He may not have reflected every aspect of America (who has?). But if there is a type so American as to be unmistakable, and so admirable as to make us proud of our breed, William Allen White is my nomination for representative in the national hall of fame. H. S. C.

Death the Leveller

By James Shirley (1596-1666)

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Persons and Places"

SIR: I find Professor Edman's review of Santayana's "Persons and Places," in your issue of January 8, admirable in every respect but two; which are, however, fundamental. First, Professor Edman does not, I think, sufficiently emphasize Santayana's vocation of letters. He is a lover and a master of style—the most distinguished, perhaps, of our time. Second, Professor Edman writes of Santayana's Catholic background and bias. As I understand Santayana, he is not Catholic at all, but neo-pagan. What he finds most unpleasant is moral earnestness—I say "unpleasant" because he could not condemn moral earnestness without being morally earnest. This distaste is, I think, at the bottom of his rejection of Protestantism, as also of secular liberalism. But it is not Catholic, if, as I assume, Catholicism is Christian. Nor am I sure that it is pagan. It is, I believe, neo-pagan—retrospectively, distantly, contemplatively, literarily, pagan.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

They Have a Dunkirk for It

SIR: The following from an editorial in *The St. Louis Post Dispatch* for August 15 may introduce a new verb into the American language:

> "As the Germany army in Sicily dunkirks across Messina Strait and the people of Rome beseech the Pope for peace as he visited the bombed areas, it is announced that Rome will become an open city. . . ."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

"Thesaurus of the Arts"

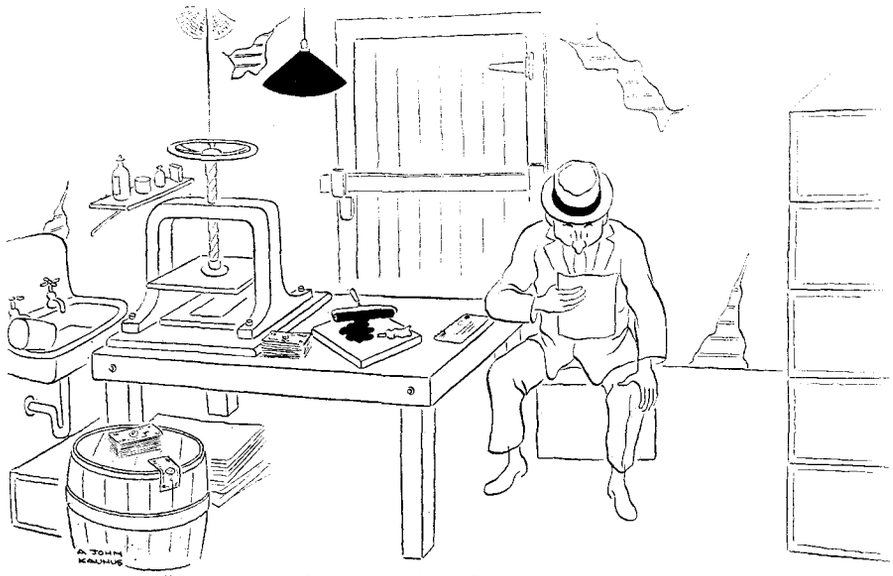
SIR: As a reader and a publisher let me heartily endorse your editorial on "The Thesaurus of the Arts." I think that we, perhaps, are in a better position than any other publishing company to appreciate the full significance of your remarks. For twenty some years we have been the only military publishers in this country and since the Army could depend on no one else for reference books we have had to be doubly cautious about substantiating our advertising claims, and guarding against obsolescence.

When the war came, the general publishers hopped on the military book bandwagon and drove like Jehus, delivering to the public spurious and inaccurate reference books on military affairs. In the early days I foolishly tried to be helpful and went out of my way to indicate errors and suggest improvements in other publishers' military books. On one memorable occasion I ventured to demur at the advertising claims made for a grossly inaccurate and misleading officer's handbook and was roundly consigned to hell by the publisher.

This apparent complete indifference to editorial and advertising accuracy rather soured me on the whole general book trade, and I ceased trying to coöperate. Your forthright editorial did a lot to revive my belief that the book trade believes that the general publisher should enjoy "a prestige and a respect among the general public" (and among his publishing brethren) because publishing should be more a profession than a business.

RICHARD GORDON MCCLOSKEY,
Military Service Publishing Co.

Harrisburg, Penna.



"Do you need money? Familiar Personal Loan Co. will lend up to $300 without any trouble, security, or co-makers. Pay us a visit. . . ."

SIR: This library ordered "Thesaurus of the Arts" on approval and kept it in spite of Mr. Lang's review and *The Saturday Review of Literature* editorial.

What makes you and Mr. Ussher think librarians are so gullible we must be protected from the extravagant language of publishers' advertising? Do you really think we believe most of the adjectives used in publishers' advertising and buy books on their recommendation? If their estimates of the value of their wares were dependable, we would not be so impatient when our *Saturday Review of Literature* is ten days late in the Christmas rush.

Libraries buy such books as Wier's latest, not because we are "bewitched" (that is a new adjective applied to librarians!) by a name, but because we have calls for obscure information in the search for which that may save many hours.

Please keep your reviews honest. Nothing gripes us more than to be fooled by a review (not a publisher's blurb). But do give us credit for a bit of common sense, knowledge and judgment, ourselves.

I like your magazine. Keep the "Trade Winds" blowing.

MARTHA B. MERRELL.

Racine, Wisc.

Liberal Education

SIR: Mr. James Marshall's essay, "The Irredentists of Education," in your November 27 issue, strikes the educator who signs this letter as much more harmful than helpful in the present controversy over ends and means. I do not mean because of his none too amiable fun-making at the expense of those who want to restore the liberal arts to their former importance, or the argument *ad hominem* of his title. I do not mean because of his own program for education. That program, indeed, sounds unexceptionable, but it is too abstract to be judged critically. He advocates, he says, as an end the development of "an harmonious being," through the use of democratic processes, and the study of the three fields: "symbols," "skills," and "emotional development." His education would emphasize the importance of the child's environment outside the classroom.

What I do find harmful in the essay is the aid and comfort it gives to all who oppose the search for a body of beliefs worthy to be taught all children as true,—who oppose the development of a more unified curriculum which may bring young people together in acceptance of common faiths and ideals. What I find harmful is the encouragement of the contrary trend, so powerful in American education, toward separation and difference, which, under the sanction of such fine words as "liberty" and "democracy," has too frequently resulted in the shirking of duties and an almost complete moral and intellec-

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tual anarchy. "Young people," says Mr. Marshall, "must learn the normality of difference." True. But one would think that far more important for them to learn is the claim upon all men for allegiance to ideals of truth and goodness.

The fundamental difficulty in the position of the followers of John Dewey in educational theory is that they do not believe in such ideals. The pragmatic universe is one of flux, in which men can merely experiment. Hence we cannot honestly teach children anything but methods of experimenting. It is unfortunate that in a war against Hitler's Germany and Japan a generation reared in such an experimental attitude must meet as enemies men who have definite and firm beliefs. It is unfortunate that the very success which Hitler has had in indoctrinating a generation of children in false beliefs may encourage educators among us in their dislike of all indoctrination, even in true beliefs.

So it looks as if we are going back, after this war, to the anarchy of the twenties. That anarchy was defended then as being "liberalism," "democracy," and "progressive education." This war has not altered the methods of its advocates.

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON.

Berkeley, Cal.

The "Incurable" Controversy

SIR: As a means to an end why not refer disputants on the question "Is Germany Incurable?" to Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," of whom one discovered through a patent medicine circular that he was suffering from every known disease except Housemaid's Knee. It appears as if you can also prove anything from data of case histories, or a patent medicine circular. Remember the plea of Delmas, California attorney for Harry Thaw, that his client was suffering from Dementia Americana. The jury in the case held that Thaw was a victim of paranoia. If Dementia Americana and Paranoia are one we sure are inviting any German quack to write a book titled "Is America Incurable?" At this point you are entitled to recall the Scots Quaker to his wife: "All the world is queer but thee and me, wife, and sometimes I think that thee is a little queer." Yea, Bo! Down here a Yank is Damqueer. And so, no doubt, is a Professional Southerner on Broadway.

JAY LEWIS.

Norfolk, Va.

SIR: Is one being superior in saying, regarding the "Incurable" controversy, that neither history nor psychiatry is capable of dealing with it save in the clumsiest manner. History is a brave but nigh-impossible science; while as for psychiatry, no one that knows its crudeness and cruelty but would prefer, say, astrology, which is harmless, and at least links us with the stars.

What then? I don't know. But there's always Shakespeare. Reread "Macbeth" and see how well his creator foreknew Hitler. "We but teach bloody instructions which, being taught, return to plague the inventor." This is but one of several startling references. ("He has no children.") That the end of Rohm's murderer will strictly conform to this prophetic tragedy is something more than peradventure.

Under the weight of bemadding and irresolvable erudition, the poet alone is not sunk, for he alone knows how to wear learning. One simply cannot decide as between Doctors Brickner and Barnes, since the sickness they seek to diagnose is one which both share to a greater extent than either supposes; Dr. Brickner perhaps being the greater invalid.

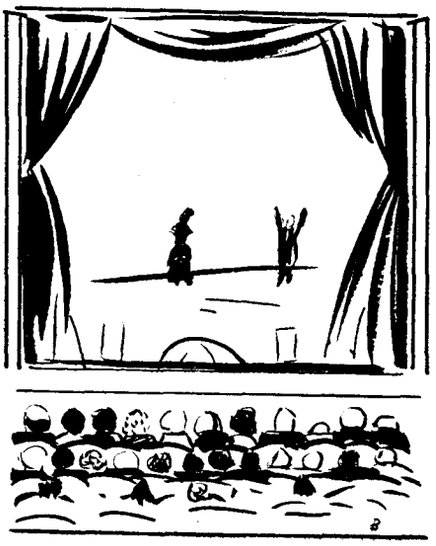
RAYMOND COURT.

Fayetteville, N. Y.

"Respectable" Development

SIR: In his Christmas address, President Roosevelt stated that the United Nations have no intention to enslave the German nation but wish them to have a normal chance to develop, in peace, as useful and respectable members of the European family. And he added that we have to emphasize the word "respectable" for we intend to rid them once and for all of Nazism and Prussian militarism and racism. One of the means to rid the German nation of all this evil will be literature. It might therefore be of interest to point out that anti-Nazi German authors have already tried to lay the foundation for the production of good Free German books. A group of exiled writers in Mexico started a year ago the Free Book Publishing House, "El Libro Libre," in order to "publish, in a common effort, the best works of the living German writers" who oppose Hitlerism and are devoted to the ideas of humanism and progress.

The publishing house is a non-profit making enterprise, the authors giving their scripts without getting royalties, and most of the work for publicity, proof reading, reading of manuscripts etc. is done likewise on a basis of voluntary work.



Up to now, "El Libro Libre" has published books by Lion Feuchtwanger, Egon Erwin Kisch, Bruno Frank, Heinrich Mann, Theodor Balk, and Bodo Uhse. English translations of these books have appeared in this country and-or Britain. The spring list is impressive. Aside from works in German, the publishing house also brought out a few books in Spanish. The anthology, "El Libro Negro" (The Black Book of Nazi terror), with contributions of Thomas Mann, Mikhail Sholokhov, Pierre van Paassen, Joseph Wittlin, and many others met with an extraordinary success in many Latin-American countries. Two thousand copies of that book were bought by the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs and used as an excellent documentary weapon against Nazi propaganda in Latin America.

The publishing house has brought out a catalogue which gives a good survey of its activity. Its address is Mexico, D. F., Calle Merida 213-3; New York representative: F. Krause, 851 West 177th Street, New York City.

F. C. WEISKOPF.

New York City.

Walt Whitman's Hermit-Thrush?

SIR: It is, of course, rather small potatoes to point out what looks like a little ornithological error in a book that has only a remote connection with ornithology, but as Mr. Canby in his "Walt Whitman" has appended an "ornithological note" to what he has to say about "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," I am sure he will not object to having that note (on page 366) treated ornithologically. The note says of the bird that Whitman called "the thrush, the hermit," from which he heard the carol beginning, "Come lovely and soothing death," "Whatever this bird was, it was not the hermit-thrush, which Burroughs, in Washington, told Walt Whitman was the finest American singer." Mr. Canby then goes on to suggest that the rhythms of the "carol" are those of the thrasher or the catbird.

Now, as to rhythms, I agree that, though the first line suggests a sentence of the hermit's song, there are repetitive phrases in the first two stanzas that are more suggestive of the thrasher, but as a whole it seems to me that the rhythms are more Walt Whitman's than those of any bird. But note also what the poet says of the singer and the song: "In the swamp in secluded recesses, A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song." (The thrasher is no great lover of swamps and when he sings he mounts to the top of a tree and makes himself as conspicuous as possible, both visually and audibly.) "O singer bashful and tender." (The thrasher when he sings is by no means bashful, and tenderness is not a characteristic of his rather theatrical song.) "Limitless out of the dusk. . . . Loud in the pines and cedars dim." (The hermit's song, but not the thrasher's, is characteristically a twilight

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performance.) "Voice of uttermost woe." (This couldn't be the thrasher's voice.) "O liquid and free and tender!" (Surely the hermit and not the thrasher.) "With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night." ("Deliberate" and "night" both suggest the hermit thrush.)

So far I have ignored the catbird, but I think he may be dismissed because his song, sweet as many of its phrases are, is not loud and arresting enough to fit the case. As to rhythm, I should say that the catbird's medley has little of that—except when he imitates his cousin the thrasher.

But, perhaps most important of all, the whole content of the bird's address to death fits the song of the hermit thrush with its solemn spiritual quality infinitely better than the thrasher's rather soulless outpourings or the catbird's secret whispering to his mate.

So much for the internal evidence. The only other evidence in the case that I know of is what John Burroughs's Boswell, Clara Barrus, gives in her "Life and Letters" of that friend of Whitman. Speaking of "When Lilacs Last," she says that "in outlining to Burroughs what he aimed to do in the poem, Whitman had asked for a bird to answer his purpose" and that after Burroughs had described the hermit thrush Whitman exclaimed, "That's my bird!" Note that he asked for "a bird," any bird, to answer his purpose.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

West Roxbury, Mass.

[In my opinion Whitman was unquestionably trying to describe the hermit thrush of which Burroughs had told him in detail. When he came to the song itself, he repeated his performance of "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"; that is, he rhythmically represented a bird song he knew, which may have been, I should say, a mocking bird or a thrasher or a catbird, but not a hermit. I have altered the note in my book to state more clearly this conclusion, and I thank Mr. Allen for calling my attention to the need of a clearer statement.]

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"The Poison Gas Boys"

SIR: Your editorial "The Poison Gas Boys" said exactly what many dogfaces have been thinking about the voice of destruction drooling from 220 East 42nd Street. But why step on their corns when you can kick them in the face?

CORPORAL P. C.

Ft. Totten, N. Y.

SIR: This comes to congratulate you on your timely and true editorial on the "Poison Gas Boys." I hope there may be some way in which this editorial may be widely reprinted as unfortunately there are too many people in this country who do not realize the danger to us of the policies being pursued by the editors of the *Chicago Tribune* and its satellites.

JARVIS CROMWELL.

SIR: . . . As for your pious platitudes anent the editorials in those papers advocating the use of poison gas at Tarawa, they reveal you in the light of a most charming naiveté. You seem actually to believe that there are still niceties to be observed in warfare, that poison gas is somehow more horrible than fragmentation shells or liquid flame. And your concern for our "millions of fighting men all over the world" because they may have to face poison gas is touching, especially when one remembers how hard you tried with every means at your disposal to get them into this war, not to keep them out of it.

I wish to say, in conclusion, that I hold no high opinion of journalism as practised by the Messrs. McCormick and Patterson. I do not wish to come regretfully to the same point of view with respect to *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Maybe you boys had better stick to reviewing—although that editorial was darned entertaining!

DONALD N. KOSTER.

Philadelphia, Penna.

SIR: My hearty congratulations on your editorial exposing the subversive pronouncements of the *Chicago Tribune* and its camp-followers. The attack comes with singular appropriateness from the editor of another publication. The restrained but intense indignation of your essay makes it a small literary masterpiece. *The Saturday Review* improves in every way week by week, as I hope does the number of your subscribers.

OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL.

Columbia Univ., New York, N. Y.

SIR: This note is one of congratulation on your current editorial "The Poison Gas Boys." It is also a belated congratulation on an editorial written several weeks ago on McNeil Dixon, author of "The Human Situation." I bought this book when it was first published as an English edition. I recommended it to several friends but I never could get any interest in it. You and Mr. Anthony Eden of Great Britain are the only people I know of who have referred to it so I feel that I am traveling in high grade company intellectually.

WILLIAM H. STANLEY.

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Who Owns Your Letters?"

SIR: Mr. Melville Cane's "Who Owns Your Letters?" [*SRL*, Dec. 25] explains a point which to this day is sometimes better understood by publishers than by their lawyers, as he points out.

Mr. Cane cites the case of the estate of Mary Baker G. Eddy which arose in the Massachusetts court in 1912. Nine years later my father, Mr. T. Irving Crowell, came home one evening with the Mary Baker Eddy-Quimby letters in his pocket. This company proceeded toward publishing the letters in facsimile as a part of a book called "The Quimby Manuscripts," under the mistaken impression that possession of the letters comprised the right to publish them. However, the original edition of the book had to be withdrawn for reasons which Mr. Cane explains so well.

ROBERT L. CROWELL.

New York, N. Y.

"Seems a shame to keep them in on a day like this."

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TRADE Winds

ASTUTE OBSERVERS of the Washington scene who like to back an occasional long shot have suspected for some time that Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., is being groomed for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in June. They profess to believe that Macmillan's publication of his book on Lend-Lease at this particular moment is another move in the carefully planned campaign to make the country Stettinius-conscious. Their line of reasoning goes about as follows:

President Roosevelt has no worlds left to conquer in the White House. He has already cracked the third-term tradition. Twelve years of the Presidency have taken their toll of his physical endurance. Turned sixty-two, he has little stomach for the certain travails and heartaches that will engulf any President in the coming term. His new ambition is to be head of the coming international peace conference. His decision not to run again was made some time ago, but he is far too able a politician to tip his hand at this early date, and thereby lose still more of his waning hold on a rebellious Congress. His opponents know that he cannot possibly come clean on this point, and can attack and smear him therefore with impunity. Some of them have given ample evidence that they will stop at nothing short of downright treason to belittle him.

Behind the scenes, the President is supposed to have struck a deal whereby he will steer the Democratic nomination to the man who promises in turn to boost him for the peace-fixing job on which his heart is set. It is taken for granted that, if he does not run again himself, the naming of a new Democratic candidate will be in his hands. The Republican slate, which now looks very much like Dewey and Warren, will be a tough one for any Democrat but the President himself to combat. That he has already settled on Stettinius as his best bet is indicated by some significant straws in the wind.

Stettinius was appointed Undersecretary of State last September, to replace Sumner Welles, at a time when the eyes of the entire country were focused on the post. His dynamic and disarming personality shattered the proverbial gloom of the protocol-ridden State Department. When the Department decided to launch a weekly radio program, it was Stettinius who assumed the role of master of ceremonies. His relations with labor when he was Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Company—amazingly liberal and understanding for a spokesman of "big business"—have been pointed out again and again. His admirable record as active head of the Lend-Lease agency, before he shifted to the State Department, is cited as evidence that, if he is elected, we will have in Washington, for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a President who understands big business administration and the underlying principles of practical economics.

To sum up, Stettinius possesses all these eminent qualifications: a compelling personality; the confidence of both Wall Street and labor; a "presidential look," premature gray hair, a disarming smile, handsome features, and a fine physique; no important enemies; a record of unqualified success at every job he has undertaken. "In fact," insisted one of my informants, "the only thing against Ed is his last name. It's too darn hard to pronounce." . . .

THE STETTINIUS BOOK makes absorbing reading on its own merits. It is a notable record of one of the most important factors in the winning of the war for the United Nations. One shudders to think what might have happened if the bill had not been forced through, over the fanatical opposition of the Lindberghs, Gerald Smiths, and "America First-ers." As of November first, the total value of American goods released through Lend-Lease was well over eighteen billion dollars, and the once-potent opposition in Congress could muster only a paltry six votes against the motion to continue the policy in operation. Mr. Stettinius records not only the notable results already achieved by Lend-Lease, but highlights the frequently overlooked fact that it is far from a one-way proposition. America is on the receiving end in many important respects. The author's conclusions are pleasantly hopeful and optimistic. He believes that the way to economic collaboration in the post-war world has already been charted by the Lend-Lease Agreements. . . .

AN UNUSUAL FEATURE of the pre-Convention sparring of both Republicans and Democrats is the unfavorable press comments that the chairmen of both parties have elicited. The Republicans' Spangler has committed so many tactical blunders that one irate editorial writer hailed him as "the soft underbelly of the G.O.P." The Democrats' Frank C. Walker, before he was replaced by Robert Hannegan, aroused the ire of the Fourth Estate in his official capacity as Postmaster General. He evidently considers himself a one-man board of censorship of the reading matter of the nation. Although his own hand-picked board of Post Office inquisitors decided that *Esquire* was not obscene, Mr. Walker took it upon himself to revoke the second-class mailing privileges of the magazine anyhow. In taking this step he ignored an overwhelming preponderance of expert testimony on the other side. Some of this testimony was funnier than anything I ever saw in *Esquire* itself. Harvard Psychiatrist Tillotson testified that his only objection to the Varga girls was that sometimes their feet are too big. Henry Mencken, staggered by the P.O.'s contention that the word "behind" is obscene, asserted sourly: "I knew no other word for the rear part until I was four years old and became sophisticated." The Post Office put on the stand a learned Benedictine monk named Father Thomas Moore, who admitted blandly that he had never heard of Ernest Hemingway, Sholem Asch, D. H. Lawrence, Thomas Mann, or John Steinbeck. Another scintillating Post Office witness was Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, a Washington clubwoman, who objected strenuously to a photograph of a lady in an abbreviated bathing suit, and was taken aback to learn from the defense attorney that it wasn't a picture from *Esquire* at all, but a photograph of Annette Kellerman taken exactly thirty years ago.

Despite these nonsensical farandoles, Postmaster General Walker wielded his axe, as he had done previously with *True Confessions, College Humor*, and twenty-seven other periodicals. Whether or not the whole lot of these periodicals, including *Esquire,* was good or bad literature, enlightening or cheap, is not the point at issue, of course. The question narrows down to how far the American people are willing to allow one man, cheered on by an insatiable minority pressure

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"Have you a good book on the tropics and a chair near a radiator?"

group, to go in suppressing a free press in this country. Ultimately, the United States courts will almost certainly reverse Mr. Walker's capricious *Esquire* decision. If they do not, his department is rumored to be preparing an assault on even bigger game, with *Life* and *The New Yorker* mentioned as likely future targets. The moral is obvious. Movements of this sort never stop voluntarily. The longer they are allowed to go on unchecked, the more outrageous and arbitrary they become. Liberal non-partisans are cheered by rumors that Mr. Walker may resign his job at the Post Office to devote his full time to the Presidential campaign. Loyal Democrats are torn two ways. Mr. Walker is not amused by letters that come to him carefully addressed "Frank C. Walker, Esquire." . . .

FROM A PURELY practical point of view, Mr. Walker's *Esquire* decision had rather amusing implications. He declared the magazine "indelicate" but not necessarily obscene. Nominally, it can still circulate via the U. S. mails. Only second-class mailing privileges are revoked, as of February 28, 1944. This "below-cost" rate was established for periodicals several generations ago. First class, of course, is far too expensive, third class includes only matter that weighs less than eight ounces, and fourth class, besides being disastrously slow, will jack up the cost of mailing *Esquire* by half a million to seven hundred thousand dollars a year. In other words, the Post Office position seems to be that *Esquire* can continue to contaminate the public mind if it will only pay sufficiently for the privilege. Meanwhile, *Esquire's* publishers, watching the circulation soar over the 750,000 mark as a result of the flood of publicity, are not suffering too much pain. Meanwhile, too, the editors of a score of slimy, fascistic, hate-breeding rags continue to use the mails to their hearts' content, without so much as a murmur from the same postal authorities who shudder so violently at the thought of a female umbilicus. . . .

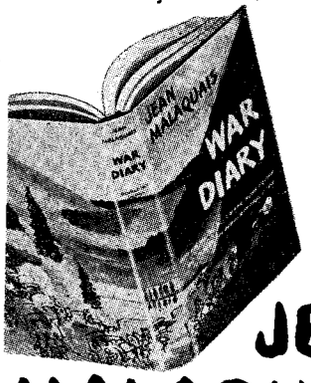
IF YOU ARE in New York between February eleventh and twenty-second, and you share my delight in seeing model railroads in operation, be sure to drop in at the annual show of the New York Society of Model Engineers in the basement of the Newsweek Building, 152 West 42nd Street. Here one of the largest and most complete model railroads in the world, with drawbridges, electric signals, switching yards, and streamliners, operates on a regular printed schedule. It is manned by a group of enthusiasts who devote at least one evening of every week to their hobby. Their president, Clark Pool, says: "The difference between us and most fathers is that the latter say they are running toy trains to please their children; we admit that we run this model road to please ourselves." Exhibition hours for show week are 5:30 to 10 P.M. on weekdays, 1 to 10 on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. Admission: thirty cents, and no extra charge for literary and theatrical celebrities you may find hanging over the rails. . . . In the *Newsweek* offices, far above the model railroad, Karl Schriftgiesser, author of "The Amazing Roosevelt Family" and "Oscar of the Waldorf," has taken over the post of book editor. . . . Six publishers are competing for the services of a new wonder salesman discovered by Lew Miller in Brooklyn. He succeeded in selling a Phi Beta Kappa man a double-breasted suit.

BENNETT CERF.

ANDRÉ GIDE says:

"An aching, poignant, frightening book—an extraordinary document on the collapse of France . . . The most profound book that has been written on the war."

THE story of a soldier of France who went to war hating the army, unready to fight. Along with tens of thousands of others he became a prisoner. But he happened to be the author of the prize-winning novel, *Men from Nowhere,* and he learned something from the bitterness and cruelty of war. His escape is the dramatic climax of the book. For he had escaped both in body and soul.



JEAN MALAQUAIS' WAR DIARY

At your bookseller's $2.75 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Historical Russian Panorama

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By B. H. Sumner. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 469 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER KAUN

THIS is an exasperatingly interesting book. It is compact, informative, originally constructed, and basically correct. Yet the very originality of its plan and structure makes the reading of the book extremely difficult, even for one versed in the history of Russia. For the uninitiated, the handling of this text may prove as complicated as the simultaneous riding of several—seven, to be precise, horses.

Mr. Sumner's idea of presenting the basic factors in the development of Russia is sound enough. The greater part of existing books on Russian history are loose and amorphous precisely because they lack a guiding line, a philosophy of history. Mr. Sumner suggests seven decisive elements in the formation and growth of Russia, and divides the book accordingly into seven sections—the Frontier, the State, the Land, the Church, the Slavs, the Sea, the West. The choice, and the mystic number, of these elements is a subjective matter. Mr. Sumner might have presented his views (admittedly influenced by F. J. Turner's "The Frontier in American History") in an introduction, and then proceeded to illustrate his theses in the course of Russian history. But his disdain for the "conventional chronological form," to quote the blurb, prompted him to treat the seven elements separately, with the inevitable result of incompleteness, fragmentariness, and vexing cross-references that send the reader backward and forward in quest of loose threads. An additional feature of "originality" is the reversal of the "conventional" sequence of events: Mr. Sumner starts from the present and goes backward to the past. This occasionally has its advantages, one has to admit. A glance at contemporary Russia is exciting, and when cast back to the preceding stages it is also enriched in intelligence. But this innovation also requires an acrobatic facility for readjusting one's reading habits.

Brief as the volume is, it is packed with an amazing amount of information on physical, political, and economical Russia. Ethnic and cultural issues are also touched upon in passing, somewhat carelessly at times. Since literature is my province, I cannot help rejoicing at the numerous references, however questionable their historical relevance, to a variety of authors, from Krylov, Aksakov, Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgeniev, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky, to Tikhonov (though not named) and Sholokhov. Mr. Sumner's bibliographical notes are often pontifical and opinionated (I wonder how young he is); in referring to translations he often chooses antiquated and inferior versions, from ignorance of later and better editions, we must presume.

In such a mass of material condensed within four hundred and odd pages it is natural to find both gaps and flaws. Both, one must say, are few and relatively unimportant. The author should acquaint himself with later sources on the origin of the Russian state, on the pre-Norse period and the role of the Khazars and other southern neighbors (Professor Vernadsky's "Ancient Russia," 1931, would prove illuminating). On the whole, the volume is, I repeat, exasperatingly interesting.

—From the jacket drawing.
Lenin, 1870-1924

Sikorski on Modern Warfare

MODERN WARFARE. By General Sikorski. New York: Roy Publishers. 1943. 288 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by COL. JOSEPH I. GREENE

GENERAL SIKORSKI wrote this book in 1934. Here it is available for the first time in English. It is certainly a military study of sufficient importance to warrant translation. And though it is by no means too abstruse for the citizen who follows the campaigns of the war, it is of particular interest to the military student.

The first part of "Modern Warfare" deals with the threat of a new war and the second with modern warfare and the problems of national defense. The author was quite sure at the time he wrote that the peace of the twenties and thirties was "nothing but an armistice," which would last "only as long as its supporters are able to unite and defend it, by force if necessary." It was possible, so General Sikorski believed, "to desire peace, defend it, or impose it. . ." He thought also that peace could not be purchased, no matter what price was offered for it.

The author was evidently certain, too, that the coming war would be a conflict on a great scale. "If Hitler's 'Mein Kampf' was not 'merely an election pamphlet,'" said Sikorski, "the intentions Hitler expressed in that book would suffice to provoke in the long run 'a world-wide war, just as in 1914.'"

The author's discussion of modern warfare is equally alert and open-minded. He thought, for example, that men could not be replaced by machines in warfare but pointed out with especial forcefulness that such countries as the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, with their heavy industries, would be able to make the most of the airplane and the tank when war did come. But Sikorski also saw very plainly what this war has proved; that tanks and airplanes have distinct limitations as well as great power. And though he belonged to an army strong in horse cavalry, he foresaw the mechanization of cavalry just as he foresaw the use of fast-moving armored artillery "as the principal adversary of tanks and of all armored arms."

All things considered, "Modern Warfare" is a more complete study and a more accurate prophecy than General DeGaulle's much better known "The Army of the Future," written at about the same time. I think the book has no particular political bearing; its chief value is that it shows a keen military mind facing in a practical manner the overwhelming problems that military men faced everywhere as new and potentially conquering armies began to form once more in Europe. Any nation or group of nations will be the safer through the clear expression of such military thought.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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Lovely Innocent

HALLELUJAH. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 431 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE S. ROSIN

WHEN it occurs to me that the million or so people who are going to read Fannie Hurst's new novel will not read this review; and that, vice versa (I hope), the people who read *The Saturday Review* will automatically stay away from Miss Hurst, I feel as if I were dropping pennies into a bottomless pit.

The novel, in case anyone really wants to know, is a glorified *True Confessions* story. It deals, in luscious and lurid style, with the tribulations of Lily Browne, a lovely innocent, "as pure as fire." She marries an eccentric, once-wealthy scion whose peculiarities are low, musk-scented women, alcoholism, and sadism. He set some puppies afire with kerosene when he was a child, and has been at the same sort of thing ever since. He has a son who is violently in love with his own sister. Lily's mother murdered a man in passion. Lily's best friend is a handsome, dusky prostitute. Lily bears these burdens with sweet fortitude and saintly patience, which is rewarded in the end as only virtue can be. All this, and much more, is recorded in rich, lush detail, leaving satisfactorily little to the imagination. One has the urge to quote some particularly juicy passages, but they lose their flavor when they are not encountered head on in their own flaming context. It is an extremely bad novel, but Fannie Hurst writes for the bad novel market. In a way, it is both impertinent and pointless to review her. She is, I am afraid, as much of an institution as chewing gum and soap operas. If you criticize her you find yourself getting into an inextricable discussion of "decadent democracy" and the American housewife. One can only accord to her the tribute that she sells plenty of books for herself and her publishers and provides pleasure for her followers.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 514)

WALTER H. PATER:
THE RENAISSANCE

*It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and molded there.

**La Gioconda,* by Leonardo da Vinci.

A NEW RESOURCE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED

THE wealth of America has been wrought from her natural resources of fertile lands, wide forests and rich mineral deposits by the brains and muscles of her people.

But another resource is now available. A new source of wealth and well-being has been developing gradually and almost unnoticed which is tremendously important today and of still greater importance for tomorrow.

This new resource is the research laboratory.

Today, in hundreds of industrial and college laboratories, trained minds are expanding the world's knowledge, and applying the results of research to industry and to war.

In the Bell System, research has always been a fundamental activity. The telephone was invented in a research laboratory. And for years Bell Telephone Laboratories has been the largest industrial laboratory in the world.

Underlying modern research is the realization of vast latent values in nature. Although the lone genius does from time to time bring to light some part of these hidden values, only organized scientific research can assure the thorough exploration that will render the full measure of use for human welfare.

Research means imagining and experimenting. It means the searching out and bringing together of facts. It means clear statements of problems, precise measurements and keen analysis. It means tenacious following along unexpected paths.

These are the procedures of research. Its consummation is the grasping by subtle minds of relationships in nature no one has previously known. And on the basis of the broader knowledge so established are built new materials, new methods and new structures to serve the people of America.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories has now concentrated its efforts on communication systems and equipment for the armed forces. When the war is over its researches in communication will again be applied to an ever-improving telephone service in America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Beyond the Confusion of Politics

LITERARY ENGLAND. By David E. Scherman and Richard Wilcox. New York: Random House. 1943. $4.

A LITERARY JOURNEY THROUGH WARTIME BRITAIN. By A. C. Ward. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 96 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CLARE LEIGHTON

THERE was something auspicious about the day these two books arrived for review. It happened to be the fifth anniversary of my landing in America. Looking through them with the intensified emotion of homesickness, I fell to wondering about this thing called nostalgia. It is a most powerful emotion, which can open our eyes and give us a keenness of perception that is unequalled. It is the germane force that has given birth to ballad and song; it can bring piercing sweetness to remembered things; and yet of all the human emotions it is the one that is in itself the least chronicled.

Suddenly, today, after an absence from England of more than five years, I can see its beauty and love it with an understanding that was, before, dimmed by custom.

We English people were inclined to smile at the enthusiasm of the American tourist. For we who took our daily walk past the house in which Keats lived, or played our childhood games among the ghosts of the Knights of the Round Table at Tintagel, assumed a strange mute, arrogant indifference that must have bewildered our trans-Atlantic friends. Chalfont St. Giles was a village to bicycle through, rather than a village where Milton had lived, and Winchester was the seat of a great public school, rather than the burial place of Jane Austen.

But the everyday scenes of my England have been gilded for me by absence, and carry a magic I had never remarked. For I look at these two books with the eyes of the self-elective exile.

The beauty of the photographs in "Literary England" is disturbing to one who had thought to have substituted Maryland for the Chiltern Hills and the mountains of North Carolina for the fells of the Lake District. Here, in such pictures as Clunbury, is the whole of the unsensational rich loveliness of England. Let this be a hamlet sung by A. E. Housman, in "A Shropshire Lad," or let it be just one tiny, unimportant village, it has a disquieting beauty.

In its subtle way this is an important book. It is the record of an England beyond the confusion of politics or empire; the England of song-maker and writer, which is the cradle of our English-speaking people. For those of us who have even momentary glimpses of vision know it is only upon the structure of these values that a new world can possibly be built. What England has to contribute to the richness of life is not empire or power. It is the spirit of the English earth, made articulate by her poets. Stonehenge standing dark against the Wessex sky; Yorkshire moors with the little trees blown crooked by the wind; the great flat Vale of Aylesbury fringed by the Icknield Way: these are our heritage, and these are the things that must not pass.

It is not sentiment that makes us *think like this. It is common sense.* With a world crumbling around us we seek the eternals. And the eternals are more apt to be found in the shepherd tending his flock upon the Sussex Downs than in the minds of politicians. Thomas Hardy knew this when he wrote "In Time of the Breaking of Nations." It would do us good if we might have this poem before our eyes today. We grope in confusion, and we have lost our way.

And so it seems to me that this book is an offering to world peace. It proclaims an important truth, for it shows that the only nationalism which is not dangerous is the nationalism of earth beauty. And then with a cruel jolt we turn to the second book. Here, in "A Literary Journey through Wartime Britain," we see for the first time the terrible pictures of London since the blitz. We humans know through the eyes more poignantly than through the ears. Verbal accounts of air raid destruction fail to move us as much as does one photograph of the remains of the Inner Temple. Nauseating anxiety carries us through this book, that we may discover what has been destroyed, and what remains.

We learn that our childhood's nursery rhyme:

> Oranges and lemons
> Say the bells of St. Clement's

is a mockery, for the bells were melted in the fire that destroyed the church,

and only the walls and spire remain. With awful suddenness we come to a picture of Milton lying with ignominy on his back in the graveyard of St. Giles Without Cripplegate, blasted from the pedestal of his grave by a bomb.

It is probably the destruction of the London City churches that is as terrible as anything. These jewels of architecture can never be replaced. They have gone the way of so many of the monuments to man's faith over the face of Europe. With these symbols gone, man has greater need than ever of a fundamental bravery and vision.

But this wholesale destruction of man's work can have two effects. If we tend still to look backwards, lacking the courage to accept change, we can in ourselves be destroyed as completely as the brick and mortar buildings that crumble beneath a bomb. If, however, we would not be defeated in our spirit, we must remember that we have still within ourselves the essence of all man's handiwork; and this is beyond reach of a bomb. For the same civilized mind that erected a City church, or designed the exquisite beauty of Bath—which has undergone the ordeal of fire and explosives, so that the loveliness of the Assembly Rooms has ceased in actuality to exist—lives on still to refresh us in poetry and prose. It lives on still in those who work with the eternals; truth and courage can be found in the plowman who turns the furrow or the fisherman upon the high seas. With no end in sight yet to this ghastly destruction of so much of our created beauty, the only hope for us is to strengthen the inner spirit. For man, if he has any feeling for posterity, will have to gird himself to an accelerated creativity that is without precedent.

To help him with this re-creation of so much about him, we must instil into him not hatred, and not politics, and not the things of the moment. We must nourish him with the remembrance of all the beauty that is enduring. If he be English, he will remember the little churches, and the sensuous curves of the Sussex Downs. The Jugo-Slav will be enriched by the mental picture of the church at Trogir, or the Palace of Diocletian, at Split. The Russian, the Frenchman, the Greek, will strive to recover their destroyed heritage. And mankind as a whole will know that it denies beauty at its own risk.

It is important that we should continue to look with understanding and devotion at any books that show us the loveliness of a country. If for nothing else but the fact that they do so, these two books are things that matter.

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The story of Hitler and the people who nourished him

Der Fuehrer

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

" . . . there is the problem of Hitler's own personality. What kind of a human being is he and what made him what he is? In this writing on this problem, Mr. Heiden is magnificent . . . He is superb on the revolutionary significance of Hitler . . . He has gone beyond reportage and written a book that is truly history." — *Wallace R. Deuel, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"The greatest book on Naziism ever written." — *Dorothy Thompson*

$3.00

A Book-of-the-Month Club selection

Cone of Silence

BY A. FLEMING MACLIESH

"A book that makes an immediate claim to attention for its profundity, its scholarship, its levels of characterization of a man lost in the complexities of his emotional and intellectual being . . . Alive with qualities of mood, a nostalgia for something lost." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A very profound and fascinating novel." — *Saturday Review of Literature*

$2.75

A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship novel

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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Swan Song

NO SAD SONG FOR ME. By Ruth Southard. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 175 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

IT would be hard to find a more voluptuous study in Spartanism and self-abnegation than this story of Cas who, sentenced to die by cancer in nine months, pledged the doctor to secrecy, told no one, not even her husband, made no protest when he fell in love with another woman, but, judging her a worthy successor, tacitly made the succession easy by showing her the ropes—Brad likes his suits pressed every week; Brad is careless about where he drops his watch; little Polly must practise her music regularly; Flora the cook never remembers to wash the icebox; let me teach you bridge; and I want you to meet my friends at the Red Cross. When the future had been prepared—the lessons learned, the house cleaned—and the past placated—then still with dignity, she hid in the hospital the final moments which no courage can surmount.

This is the Roman way translated into terms of the suburban housewife, and touching for the fact that this superhuman strength is ascribed to a person outwardly so familiar and so fallible. The formula is superb, calculated to incarnadine *The Red Book,* and to justify the hopes of the publisher. For if it does not fulfill the most cherished adolescent dream of "they lived happily. ever after," it has its own place in child dreaming; it expresses the adolescent resolve to be a nun, a nurse, a doctor, nobly living, but best of all, nobly dying. As in the child's dream, much of the satisfaction comes from the grimness of the picture; similarly also, the background figures are only puppets in the play of the self-sacrificial impulse. Thus the beloved Brad cannot be allowed to share her knowledge and earn the comfort of knowing he did well by her last months; thus also she accepts as final the dictum of one doctor, as if she half embraced her sentence. Another reason why the reader permits Cas to die is that by nature first and then by Cas's education her successor is a new edition of Cas. An exile from Prague, Roma Hradna is like Cas given to public-meeting speeches about the verities, honest to rudeness, impatient of appearance, warm of heart. Now that she knows about the sachets in the linen, and how to transplant dahlia bulbs, she lacks only humor and Anglo-Saxon silliness. And while Cas is in the hospital, Roma discovers and sends to her "Alice in Wonderland." Thus Cas is completely replaced.

Frances Parkington Keyes

As the nobility of Cas and Roma is slightly exaggerated, so most of the lesser figures, especially the women, are made too dull and ignoble. The dialogue is often wooden, made unreal by the use of semi-literary words like "dubbed" and by orations on "the beauty of the poppies in Flanders fields" and the horrors of Munich. Moreover, not content with spiritual elevation, Cas is something of an intellectual snob, speaking reverently of Shostakovitch and Montaigne, while being a touch lofty about *Collier's* and the Book-of-the-Month Club. There are some heights and abnegations to which I cannot be persuaded.

But whatever your adolescent self dramatizations may have been you will find it pleasant reading, since try as she will, the author never quite cracks the surface of the tragedy.

"Protest Bombing of Sacred Edifices"

By Sara Henderson Hay

THOUGH God, I hear, is not at home
In any temple man has made,
Against the arch, the gilded dome,
Let violence be stayed.

Upon the heaven-thrusting spire
Allow no bomb to plummet down.
Aim at the city square, the shire,
Try for the factory town.

Even if all it represent
We violate in word and fact,
Respect the tangible monument,
Preserve the shrine intact.

Thus shall our piety be shown
As we go forth to bloody strife.
Remember—spare the stick and stone,
Though not the human life.

The Conn. Farmans

ALSO THE HILLS. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner. 1943. 622 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

HERE is one of those long stories about a nice everyday family, their joys and their heartaches (mostly heartaches) with a little war—even a soupçon of spy trouble—a few glimpses of turbulent Washington, a couple of racey newsmen to give it the up-to-the-minute flavor.

Daniel and Serena Farman live in a quaint ancestral farmhouse full of rare antiques, in the Connecticut valley. Daniel runs the farm and Serena the household, the while she sheds serenity and wisdom. They have three grownup children: Jerome who left the bank to go to Fort Bragg, Judith a trained nurse who wants to go to war for adventure's sake and cannot make up her mind to marry a faithful suitor, the wayward Jenness who is secretary to a shady Congressman and doing other things in Washington she shouldn't. Jerome suddenly marries a Creole beauty, Alix St. Cyr, is sent overseas, and is killed. Judith goes off to the war and Jenness gets into a deplorable mess. Poor Daniel and Serena have a dreadful time. Leaving Judith's suitor to do the chores, they go to Washington to help Jenness. But for a slangy reporter with a heart of gold, they would have been lost indeed. (They can't be much more than fifty, but they sound eighty-five at least, so artless and helpless are they.) When things are at their worst, home to the farm comes the lovely Creole widow to have her baby. She brings plenty of money, too, so the farm is modernized, her beauty and grace bring happiness all around, and in the end we leave the Farmans lustily singing America around the melodeon. In spite of its up-to-dateness, this story brought nostalgically to mind memories of the Pansy books and others of my childhood. It has a curious old-fashioned flavor that I found as beguiling as a revived Victorian model on a movie actress. If you know what I mean. Loads of women will love it, and it should be in every loan library.

The Swedenborg Foundation, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York, publishers of religious texts by Emanuel Swedenborg, famed theologian and scientist, has announced the free distribution of four texts entitled "Heaven and Hell," "The Four Doctrines," "Divine Providence," and "Divine Love and Wisdom." There is a 5c postage charge on each.

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"A shrewd, warmly done study in loneliness and love, set against a lush Caribbean background . . . A first rate piece of work"
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LIANA

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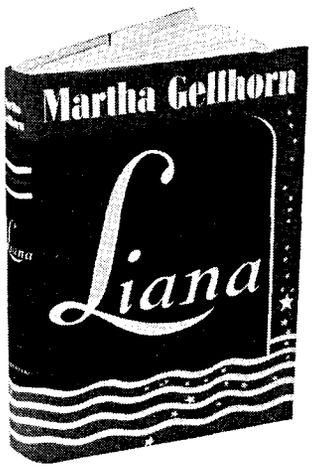
Martha Gellhorn



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—*New York Times*

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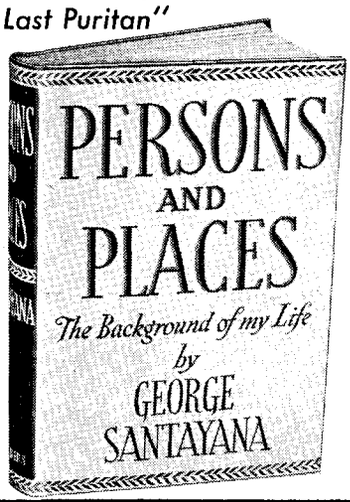

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Life in the Cold Country

THEY SENT ME TO ICELAND. By Jane Goodell. New York: Ives Washburn. 1943. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

IN January, 1942, the Red Cross sent its first unit overseas. There were eleven American girls in the group, their mission to establish recreation centers in Iceland where thousands of service men were gathered to guard the North Atlantic. How these girls met the unanticipated difficulties and how the boys themselves made all of it worth while are the themes of this book. When the girls arrived there was practically nothing for the men to do in their off-time; such attractions as the capital offered were restricted to officers. And so the R.C. girls had to start at rock-bottom. In the beginning they were frustrated at every turn. There was scarcely any equipment, red tape had to be unwound, housing and transportation difficulties seemed insurmountable, sudden storms or air-raids disrupted days of planning, the reënforcements they looked for every day failed to turn up. A small group of army nurses were the only American women the boys had seen since they had left home. Now they not only showered the newcomers with teasing attentions but used them to do their shopping, to write their letters, to ease their homesickness, and heartaches. But the girls soon learned to be ready and equal to anything from washing cups and shaving chewing-gum from floors, to dancing, writing the scripts for shows they directed and acted, singing, planning, and executing programs for all the various camps, and, in Miss Goodell's case, even learning to play the saxophone. It meant swollen feet, hands blistered from opening thousands of coke bottles, traveling miles over crude lava-coated roads with the little Iceland ponies. But it was always exciting, often fun, and an experience that none of them would have missed.

Miss Goodell's book is the first to describe the doughboy's life on this lonely outpost. It should be a godsend to those families who have been able to glean all too little from the censored letters of their boys stationed there, many for two long years. Her descriptions of the island, its bleak volcanos and green valleys, and the natives make a colorful background for her lively accounts of the service men themselves, their merciless kidding, their grousing, and their lusty good humor. At the end of a year she came home but she left a "center" all were proud of, one with comfortable chairs, plenty of games, books, writing facilities, a coffee bar, while other centers were in the making for the other camps. Every one of these now had its periodic shows and programs, a sizable group of Red Cross workers had come to help the work along, a vast amount of buried talent had been brought to light; the boys were carving in wood, painting, going in for handicraft in a big way, and so many were writing poetry that a "poetry contest" was held with great success! The girls had done a fine, important job, one that demanded character, tact, never-flagging energy, and humor. Jane Goodell's telling of it may seem mild reading after the tales of incredible horror and heroism we meet every day, but it is well for us to know, too, of the thousands of boys who, denied the drama and excitement of battle, must endure the monotony and nervous tension of inaction while they stand guard that others may be safe. Miss Goodell learned to respect and admire these boys in Iceland; her experiences with them leave you glowing with pride in the spirit of America's youth.

Roped to the man she knew would exterminate the whole village..and only she knew the path down the treacherous, snow-covered slope!

Avalanche

A NOVEL OF LOVE AND ESPIONAGE BY

Kay Boyle

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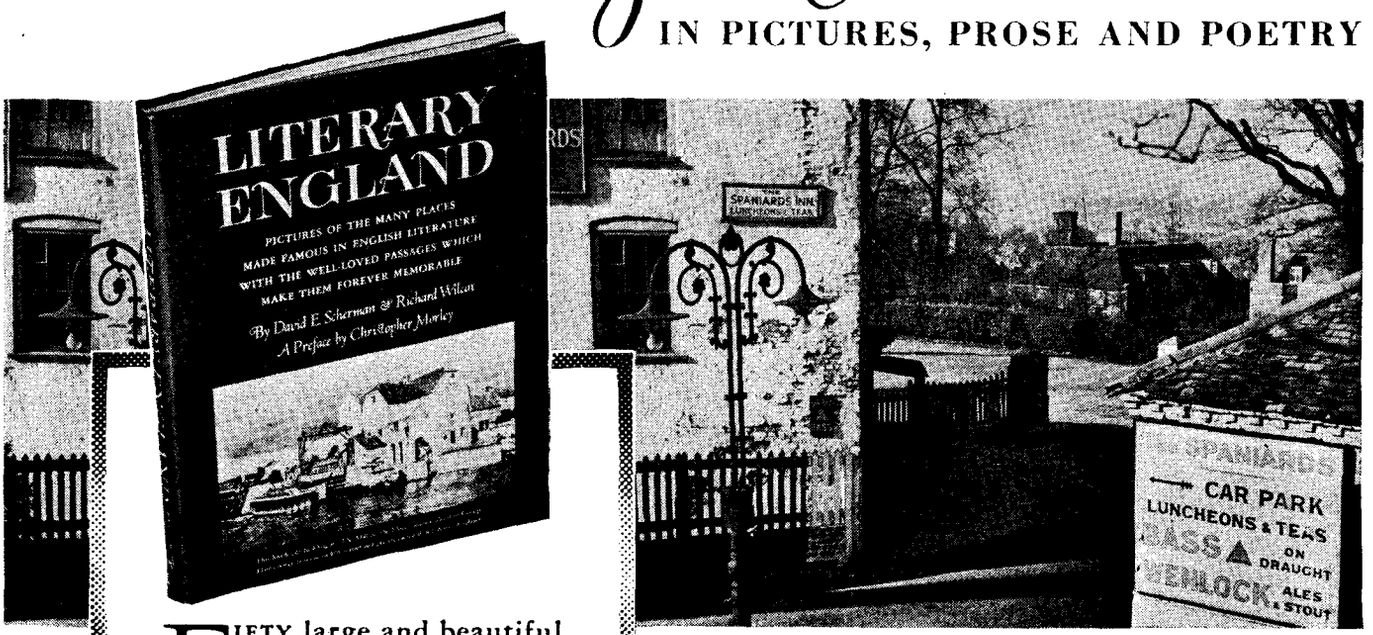
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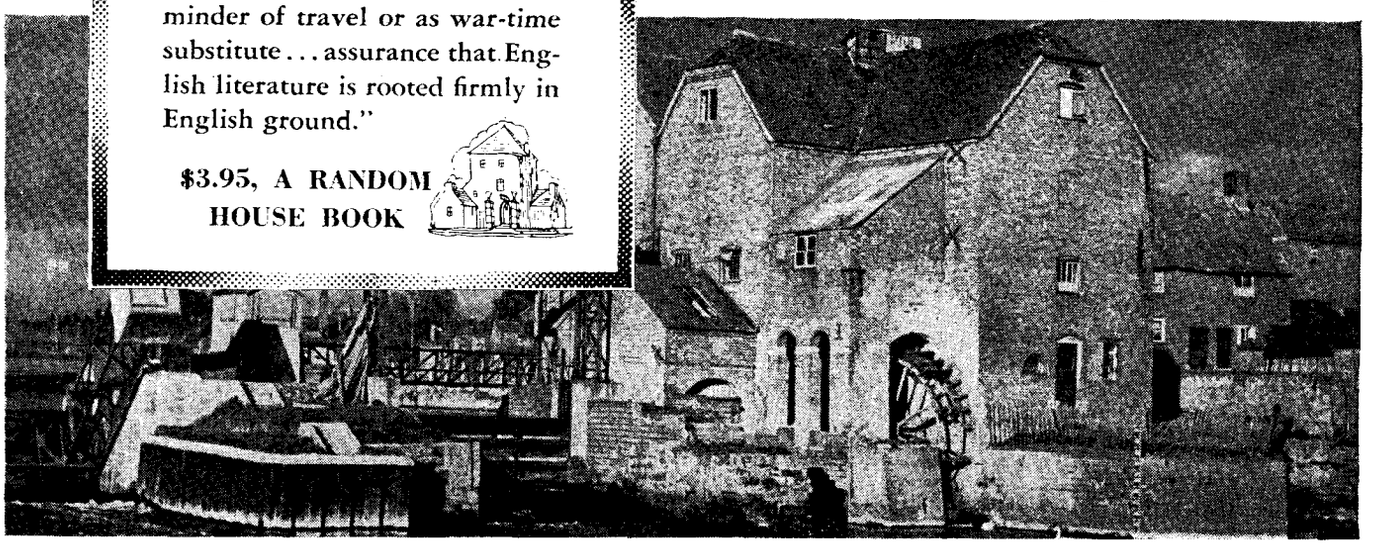

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FARRAR & RINEHART, NEW YORK

Men of the Cape

THE BRADSHAWS OF HARNISS. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 380 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

TO his long running history of the Cape Cod people Mr. Lincoln now adds one more episode, this one about the Bradshaws of Harniss. You will not find Harniss, or Ostable either, on any of the decorative land-hook maps, but you will find Hyannis and Barnstable, and that is close enough. As for the Bradshaws, you will discover them anywhere you look on the Cape, in their typical incarnation of stubbornness, caution, and resolution, their clinging to first principles first, their reluctant and bitter humor, their suspicion of the bandwagon. There is a lot of story here, about young Mark Bradshaw's enlistment in the air-force before Pearl Harbor, and his grandfather's struggle to do without him in the family business, about the girl Mark left behind, and so forth.

But the real stuff of the tale is character, particularly the character of old Zenas Bradshaw, who has to battle old age and bad times and the town's hostility, to keep the family name and fortune above water. It is for this that Mr. Lincoln's constant readers will welcome his new novel. To one less constant it will seem that Mr. Lincoln has not been able to breathe as much life into the younger generation of Codders as into the elder, and it will seem strange, also, that the sea, dominant element in Cape Cod life, plays no part at all here, not even a mention. There isn't a town on the Cape far enough from the shore to be free of its echoing. However, Mr. Lincoln has undoubtedly done enough with this in his other tales, and he is content here to explore the spiritual resources of an old stalwart.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FIRST WORDS OF FAMOUS QUATRAINS

This week's quiz is admittedly a bit tougher than usual, because the reader will have to stop and think about each item. Printed below are the initial words of 21 famous quatrains by as many different poets. All you have to do, after recognizing each stanza, is to name the author. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, and 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 37.

1.
A .....
Half .....
Fair .....
Is .....

2.
Ah .....
Before .....
Dust .....
Sans .....

3.
Behind .....
Behind .....
Before .....
Before .....

4.
Blessings .....
Barefoot .....
With .....
And .....

5.
Charlotte .....
Borne .....
Like .....
Went .....

6.
Drink .....
And .....
Or .....
And .....

7.
Far .....
Their .....
Along .....
They .....

8.
Flow .....
Flow .....
My .....
Flow .....

9.
Gather .....
Old .....
And .....
Tomorrow .....

10.
Guns .....
Nooses .....
Gas .....
You .....

11.
Lives .....
We .....
And .....
Footprints .....

12.
Loveliest .....
Is .....
And .....
Wearing .....

13.
Maid .....
Give .....
Or .....
Keep .....

14.
Music .....
Vibrates .....
Odors .....
Live .....

15.
Out .....
Black .....
I .....
For .....

16.
Say .....
Say .....
Say .....
Jenny .....

17.
Stone .....
Nor .....
Minds .....
That .....

18.
Strephon .....
Robin .....
But .....
And .....

19.
Sunset .....
And .....
And .....
When .....

20.
Take .....
Lift .....
Fashion'd .....
Young .....

21.
Under .....
Dig .....
Glad .....
And .....

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Supermen in Subs

RENDEZVOUS. By Alec Hudson. New York: Readers Club. 1943. 248 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THERE is no book to which the present reviewer would rather give a clean bill of health. It is a set of four stories about the submarine service, three about our own, one about the British. These are not submarines on patrol with the outcome, "One medium enemy freighter sunk and another probably sunk," but submarines in the heat of the battle, where submarines occasionally go. The men in these stories behave as we would like our sailors to behave. The combats in which they engage are logical, one event growing out of the other as it does in war, with the enemy's ideas intervening to throw the best-laid plans into the domain of chance. The ships behave like ships in battle, but—

That's just the trouble. The men are always in the white heat of action, operating at a pitch of emotional melodrama no human being could endure for very long. No one ever gets drunk or plays the Jew's harp or hangs a rag doll on the bulkhead or kicks about the chow. There are no cowards or dopes or butterfingers. All hands are constantly at the utmost pitch of intelligence, courage, and self-sacrifice.

The result is a book written at a pitch or scream about a group of collar-ad boys out of Richard Harding Davis performing deeds that reduce Superman to the size of Tom Thumb. It may do as mythology; it may do as a juvenile; but any honest submariner would regretfully say, "Aw, nuts."

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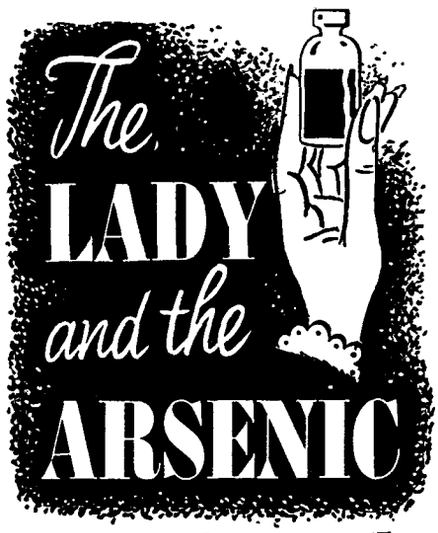

By Joseph Shearing

Author of *Blanche Fury*, *The Crime of Laura Sarelle*, etc.

Was she a murderess — or a saint? The debate went on for a generation — but the mystery was never solved. In this "biography in the form of a novel" Joseph Shearing has achieved his greatest success in the portrayal of crime — but even more, in recreating the manners, morals and the very atmosphere of French life in the middle of the last century.

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The Belgian Indictment of Germany

THE WHITE BRIGADE. By Robert Goffin. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1944. 199 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by R. L. NORTH

FOR the Belgians history has repeated itself with all the duplicated horrors of a recurrent nightmare, and for the Germans too. They are stalking each other along a devious labyrinth of blow and counter-blow, cruelty and revenge, that they follow with sure familiarity; they created it in 1915. Nothing underlines this so much as the incident of *La Libre Belgique*. For in 1915 Friedrich von Falkenhausen, Governor General of conquered Belgium, was plagued by the regular appearance of this underground paper. It was delivered to him every morning, under his door-step, upon his breakfast table, inside his portfolio. And on August 15, 1940 the first issue of the wartime series of *La Libre Belgique* was delivered to Alexander von Falkenhausen, nephew of Friedrich and now himself the new Governor General of Belgium conquered again. He has been receiving it ever since.

The publication and distribution of this bold little sheet, under what terrific difficulties you may well imagine, is but one aspect of the implacable will to life of the Belgian underground, the White Brigade. Robert Goffin, who gives us now a brief account of the Brigade, was an active member of the underground from 1940 to 1943, when his usefulness to the organization was finally reduced to one last action, his disappearance from the country. For there is a Black Brigade to deal with, the Belgian traitors and counterspies, to say nothing of the fascist Rexists, who filter into the underground and betray men and whole communities. This necessitates a dynamic technique, of shifting ground and personnel, changing names constantly, changing quarters, trusting no one with very much, working in the dark, exterminating traitors with dispatch, and finally, as in Goffin's case, leaving the country when all usefulness is ended and presence is a danger to the others.

The list of accomplishments of the White Brigade can be only partially known. Goffin cannot set down all he knows at this time, and what he tells is shadowed in a vagueness of name and detail which is clearly necessary. Beginning with the sheltering and repatriation of British airmen who were shot down over Belgium, the Brigade has advanced with increasing efficiency to the sabotage of German communications, the destruction of key factories, the discovery and transmission to the Allies of important military information, and, bitterest of all, the hand-to-hand struggle with the enemy, the killing of sentries, jailers, Gestapo men, sometimes of a key figure such as De Grelle's right-hand man (De Grelle himself escaped a well-planned fate by a lucky fluke). They payed for this in kind, and more.

If you do not know enough by now of German concentration camps and German torture, you will find them very explicitly described here. It would be well to have a series of such records of bestiality in Belgium, in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Greece, wherever they have stepped. For there will be those, when the war is over, who will argue that the leaders alone were responsible for the cruelties of German occupation, that you cannot indict a people. They will have to explain away, then, such widespread and exuberant indulgence in inhumanity as these records will reveal, as, for example, the beating of a five-year-old child with chains so that her father might be made to speak. Not Hitler, not Himmler, wielded those chains, but a German sergeant searching for a man's point of least resistance. As a matter of fact, Goffin's record of the underground is written quite calmly, with almost historical detachment, and it is for that reason a document all the more impressive.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 33

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 33 *will be found in the next issue.*

ABCD ECHFCDEH GD JBC KJQKDJRF JBC MRMKDJRF HJGLV-ARDE GX JBC CNSRDGO, QKDEAKLE RD BRH ALKJB BC HFGSLMCH JBC JGRQRDM HSLMCH, QKECD ARJB HCKACCE XLGV JBC LGFTH.

—QGDMXCQQGA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 32

IN CENTURIES BEFORE OURS THE PUBLIC NAILED THE EARS OF JOURNALISTS TO THE PUMP. IN THIS CENTURY JOURNALISTS HAVE NAILED THEIR OWN EARS TO THE KEYHOLE.

—O. WILDE

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"WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY"

(*Continued from page* 10)

possible to punish everyone in Germany who is guilty of one or another specific crime. But he feels that a sufficient number can be tried, convicted, and sentenced by special United Nations courts to realize justice and staff convict labor battalions to repair damage in devastated areas.

All industrial plants in Germany capable of producing war matériel must be demolished. Other industrial facilities should be administered by agents of the United Nations or a new supranational organization.

The large estates of the Junkers, mostly in Prussia, are to be divided amongst the peasantry.

The German people are to be subjected to additional economic and financial penalties, all designed to make it impossible for Germany again to become powerful, militarily or economically. They are to pay reparations, but in such fashion as not to affect adversely economic rehabilitation of those countries which they have devastated.

One of the most important chores, under Mr. Nizer's plan, would be the reëducation of the German people. This reëducation would be compulsory and universal. The majority of teachers would be non-Germans, selected by the occupying authorities or an international university, and chosen because of their acknowledged qualifications in their particular fields.

For one, two, three, or more decades Germany would remain occupied, and the program briefly outlined above administered. Germany would one day receive sovereignty again—when in the opinion of the administrators she might be trusted with that sovereignty.

If the Germans are basically as Mr. Nizer describes in the first portion of his volume, it may be asked whether his, or any other, plan for their reorientation is feasible.

If, moreover, the Germans throughout history are the instigators of war, if no other nations have coresponsibility, if war is as simple as that in its genesis, would there not be a still more effective method for curbing this recurrent historical phenomenon? Were there no more Germans, the truth or falsity of Mr. Nizer's view would be put to pragmatic test.

Captain C. Brooks Peters, formerly foreign correspondent and then Washington correspondent for The New York Times, *has just returned from a year of active duty with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific and is on brief furlough awaiting his next assignment.*

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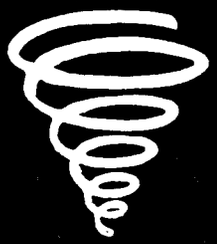

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The Imperfect Letter Writer

THE UNCONQUERABLES. By Joseph Auslander. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 59 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

POE once said that there was no such thing as a good long poem. While one need not agree with such hyperbole, the meaning is clear: that it is difficult to sustain a boiling point of emotion and a high degree of expression over a long period. Mr. Auslander's latest book, "The Unconquerables," seems to me to illustrate this point. The book, of course, is, in construction, a series of individual poems, being letters to the heroic peoples under Nazi domination, but in effect it has a single theme; for what is said of one country must be said of all; the passion of pity and horror, of anger, and of profound admiration for these indomitable peoples in the grip of the oppressor applies to all the occupied countries. Unfortunately one feels that however sincerely and deeply Mr. Auslander wanted to pay tribute to the unconquerables, he did not succeed in making good poetry out of his emotion.

The author says: "I chose to write these poems in the shape of letters because it seemed the best way to write them. I chose an irregular structural pattern because it permitted a larger latitude of utterance, a warmer tone, a freer change of pace; like talking earnestly and intensely." A good letter and a good poem, however, have something more in common than immediacy of emotion. They should both be free of carelessness and verbosity, of repetition and undisciplined expression. A famous French letter-writer once remarked in the course of some correspondence: "Excuse this long letter. If I had had more time I would have written a shorter one." In the opinion of this reviewer, Mr. Auslander's letters would have been more memorable, more hard hitting, if they had been shorter and more concentrated. There is too much haste, too much inflation, too much loose phraseology and carelessness of imagery. Mr. Auslander has had to resort to listings of national heroes (a legitimate enough dramatic device, if not overdone), to hortative and repetitious passages such as the following in the most publicized of the letters, that to the unconquerable people of France:

> Ah France, beloved, brave and beautiful land,
> On every side they stand,
> On every hand
> The dear magnificent dead,
> A glorious ghostly band—
> Roland and Oliver and Charlemagne. . . .
> and
> Ride on, Jehanne, ride on and on and on
> Through the thick darkness ringing your clarion!
> Lighting of long deliverance,
> Jehanne of France,
> Jehanne! Jehanne! Jehanne!

And these lines to the unconquerable Poles defeat themselves by being garrulous and undisciplined:

> O martyred Poland, brave and tragic Poles,
> O people with stout hearts and stalwart souls,
> People of poetry, music, cathedrals, colleges, courage, and beauty,
> People with a proud imperative sense of honor and duty,
> People with a long and noble history,
> People of sorrow and mystery. . . .

It is the technique of Ogden Nash.

There is much to be admired in these letters, of course. The theme is one which strikes a chord in every heart, and there are portions of fine and forceful writing, notably in the letter to the Norwegians, and in the one to the Belgians. Interspersed are short lyrics, some admirable, like "The Rising Tide" and "Target for Tonight." But several of these are unworthy of Mr. Auslander's ability to write with scintillance, with color and vividness. He is inclined in these lyrics, as well as in the letters, to let three words take the place of one, and his images are lax and inaccurate. The poem "Dunkerque Anniversary," for instance, is an example of careless versification and jingling metre, of confusion like "When the Dutch and the French blazed blood and grime," and

> When the beast from the dark primordial slime
> Bellowed his hunger for blood and bone,
> When the Czech stood stalwart and sublime
> Against the tusks of the mastodon. . .

Just to be carping, the mastodon was strictly a vegetarian, and never bellowed his hunger for blood and bone.

The jacket of the book states: "Here is poetry's homage to these men, women—and children—who are playing heroic roles in World War II." Homage, certainly, but as poetry they leave one unsatisfied. With less haste, with more discipline, with a greater regard for the strict phrase and the inevitable word, Mr. Auslander could, without sacrificing any warmth or earnestness of emotion, have written letters more worthy of his noble theme.

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Mrs. Parsons and Her Mountain

THE MOUNTAIN. By Alice Beal Parsons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 219 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHIE MABON

DURING the fever of the twenties many an intellectual turned from the city to the land, hopefully discarding the hubbub of cocktail parties for that of birds, impassioned talk for the cackling of hens. Some bought abandoned farms, others discovered Buck County and Westport; not a few told of their renascence in books and magazines. Mrs. Parsons found her mountain and now after seventeen years of happy living with it she tells us in this engaging book of its prodigality of fauna and flora, of how it has taught her to recover in countless things the joy habit and chance had inhibited, of her earthy neighbors who, she says, have reunited her to the human race.

Mrs. Parsons's mountain isn't really a mountain at all. Rather it is a wooded bluff rising precipitously from the west bank of the Hudson. Yet it is high enough to provide her house with a soul-stretching view to the East across the Tappan Zee into Westchester County and Connecticut. To the West lies, two and a half miles away, the up-and-down little city of Nyack. But to the people who live on this bluff or near it, it has always been The Mountain and so it became to Mrs. Parsons as she watched her little house evolve from a week-end cottage to a year-round house. She found it quite casually. Born and educated in an Illinois college town she came to New York fresh from her English courses to find a career for herself as a writer. The big city captured her imagination and enthusiasm at once as it has those of hundreds of Mid-Western youngsters. She became a freelance writer, a reviewer of books, and allied herself to a dozen or so liberal movements.

But an interlude spent in Vermont left her with a taste for hills and wide horizons, and when she found her mountain it seemed a direct answer to her prayer for "a new point of vantage from which to view the world." She confesses that she "is too fallibly attracted by extremes" and to this weakness the Mountain catered ideally. Only thirty miles from the New York she still loves, she can plunge into its heart in an hour and return at the end of a busy day to a retreat she claims as "backwoodsy" as any she has found in Vermont, Colorado, or in Canada. For some reason, still obscure to this reviewer, this region has totally escaped the stigmata of suburbia. The "natives" whose talk suggests the countriest of countrysides have no interest in the city—one had not visited it in twenty years—and despite the fact that a few famous persons (Helen Hayes is one) have established homes in or near Nyack, the little city and its environs have maintained their original integrity.

But don't get the idea that "The Mountain" is a mere panegyric to Nature and the simple life. Mrs. Parsons's character sketches are vividly alive and her accounts of her experiences with the girl-helpers and the boy-friend Fundamentalist from the missionary Institute, of murder-intent Hollering Fred, of her run-in with county politics and defeat for office sparkle with humor and irony; informally she interpolates bits of regional history, of her personal philosophy, and even of her young son's concepts of God and his wife, "Nature." "The Mountain," you see, is one of those books whose subject matter defies formal classification and whose charm depends partly, of course, on the style of its writing, but almost more on the intimate relationship the author manages to establish between you and her from the start. When you finish it you feel almost as if you had been the week-end guest of a delightful hostess.

Still in the Sun

DUEL IN THE SUN. By Niven Busch. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THIS is a novel of the Texas Staked Plains cow-range country in the days of the big holdings. Here on the Llano Estacado of the Panhandle in West Texas the runt-sized but red-headed and indomitable Jackson T. McCanles, Union captain who, after his release from the Huntsville Civil War prison camp, had decided to stay in Texas, founded his Spanish Bit Ranch of unnumbered acres. Here he advanced in feudal power, with his family of gentlewoman wife, Laura Belle Toussaint of Huntsville, and four strapping sons—Jesse, Lewt, Gil, and the dolt Ruck.

That was the situation as developed when, landed by Dodge-El Paso stage at the townsite station, Paradise Flats, where she was met by Jesse McCanles with the ranch's best rig, to Spanish Bit and its peculiar clan came the dependent young girl Pearl Chavez, to be kept. She was a distant poor relation on the Toussaint side, her Indian strain from her breed mother showed in her hair and complexion and character. She gave promise of being personable, and Lewt early took advantage of her primitive impulses.

Niven Busch

She admired Jesse, the stalwart, who broke from the ranch and turned lawyer in Paradise Flats. She was fascinated by the handsome, vicious, worthless Lewt, whom she had to dispose of in the end, for she received no help from the household in which the other men were busy and the mother was indolent. Lewt killed the one man who would have her.

There are stock characters in the story—ranchers, cowtown saloon-keeper, prostitute, lawyer, gambler, etc.—but not one is stale, and the preacher, Sinkiller, may be especially cited. Mr. Busch's direct style of narration and his faithfulness to details lift the story 'way and above the accepted run of Southwest ranch and border-life novels.

Proof of his power of narration and his thorough use of material is demonstrated in the fact that the reader, although recognizing Pearl's weakness, maintains an impelling sympathy for her. Mr. Busch might have sidestepped the stark climax. There was the choice of having Pearl break free with a sudden revulsion and throw Lewt aside by a definite gesture. But the wild strain in her and her knowledge of her weakness forbade this and she did as she had set out to do.

The theme of "Duel in the Sun" is said to stem from an incident in the career of Pearl Hart, Texas female bandit. Pearl Chavez is indeed acquitted in a train holdup trial, by the cleverness of the frontier lawyer, Jesse; but the story stands upon its own as a dramatic creation.

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The Phoenix Nest

I AM glad to print the following poem by the distinguished wife of one himself distinguished, Professor Archibald Henderson, well-known biographer of George Bernard Shaw, of Chapel Hill, N. C. Barbara Henderson's world-famous translation into English of Ernst Lissauer's *"Hassgesang gegen England"* first appeared in *The New York Times*, October 15, 1914. Her translation into English of "France's Hymn of Hate," by Jules de Marthold, appeared on the front cover, *New York Times* magazine section, July 4, 1915. Copies of Mrs. Henderson's poem printed below may be obtained from her husband at Chapel Hill. This is its first appearance in print.

PRAYER FOR ALL-SOULS
by
BARBARA HENDERSON

Let us, the mothers of our soldier sons
Pray for the souls of these, their German brothers;
Else who shall pray for them? Only their mothers
And the innocent dead, who fell before their guns.

The voice of Ramah sounds from Pole to Pole—
Rachel, uncomforted. King Herod's name
Is written red across the scroll of shame;
Yet Herod slew the body, not the soul.

Soberly, gravely, in the fear of God
Our lads go forth on no dishonored field
Offering their straight young bodies for our shield,
Bright heads unbowed by any tyrant's rod.

Pray for those young hearts turned to ways of hate;
That crooked cross our children never knew;
Father, forgive. They know not what they do;
Redeem their souls! Keep ours inviolate!

The following letter is from George Seldes, editor of *In Fact*. It seems to me that one of the most important things we can do today is to speak up, in and out of season, for all fearless editorialization and against all suppression or coloration of the news. We have hardly any conception of the power of the press today, when the slightest rumor flies all over the world in a moment—the power *and* the responsibility. There are many splendid men and fine and honest minds in the newspaper business. I have been honored by knowing a few. All the more reason why this matter of the status of editorial writers should be thoroughly aired.

Mr. Seldes:

I believe that Mr. Yarros is right in saying the subject of editorial writers is important, and I hope you will continue with it in *The Phoenix Nest*. There are many classic stories in the profession: there is always the case of the editorial writer who switched from the Republican to the Democratic party, with the same brilliance and passion, the day the owner of the newspaper sold out to the opposition; and there is always the classic story of the editorial writer who attacked the GOP in the morning and smeared the Democrats in the evening paper—both papers being owned by the same man. I am sure that these classics can be documented. But here is what I believe is the best illustration of a situation which warrants consideration of the whole subject. It concerns a Pulitzer editorial prize winner.

On May 10, 1941, *Collier's* carried an editorial in favor of the U. S. convoying ships through the war zone. On May 23, 1941, the *New York Daily News* carried an editorial attacking the plan of the U. S. to convoy ships through the war zone. *Collier's* admitted its editorial writer is Reuben Maury; Maury is editorial writer of the *Daily News*. When *PM* pointed this out, Mr. Maury wrote:

"Thank you for the publicity . . . calling attention to the facts (1) that I write most of the *N. Y. Daily & Sunday News* editorials, (2) that I sell editorials from time to time to *Collier's Weekly*, (3) that sometimes *News* and *Collier's* editorials don't agree. . . .

"In reply would state:

"I do not pretend to be anything but a newspaper hired man. . . . My job as an editorial writer . . . is, as I see it, to do the best work I can for anybody who is so kind as to want me to write for him or her, regardless of what my personal opinions on any assigned subject may be. . . ."

Well, the first reaction among those who still believe in the ethics of journalism, was to apply the brass check rule invented by Upton Sinclair. On thinking it over, however, I believe that Mr. Maury has a case. The editorial policy is set by the owners of *Collier's* and by Capt. Patterson (who frequently outlines his, or writes part of all of them himself), and nothing that does not agree with the owners can appear in these publications. Few publications hire editorial writers who are as free as, say, the columnists, and most of them keep in line with the views of the publishers.

And this brings me to what I think is the important part of the discussion. This I have seen for thirty years in newspaper work. There are few cases of actual prostitution in journalism just as there are few instances—and every reporter has covered at least one good case—of girls violently forced into bordellos. Students of this subject have written learned books proving that it is the economic system that

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is to blame, that it works invisibly and relentlessly, and that its victims never know what pushed them along.

Among newspaper men, especially editorial writers, I would say that it is drift rather than push. At least it was so in my heyday. No man stayed on his job very long, and in the process of bettering himself he drifted naturally into the office which had a political policy and social viewpoint nearer to his own. But there were also, and I hope not a majority, who merely bettered their pay and refused to accept editorial policy. In the course of the years I have seen them drift more and more into the viewpoint of the newspaper which paid better wages, and it never surprised me to find the liberals (and radicals, or rather self-deluded liberals and radicals) of one day proclaiming the reactionary policies of their newspapers after the right number of years.

The only amusing (?) fact about the whole business of drift to reaction is that there are actually many editorial writers who believe they have not changed (or sold out). I leave that to the psychologists. Mr. Yarros asks: Can editorial writers write as they please in the press? No such question can possibly be asked. I have never known of an editorial writer who wrote as he pleased. Nor is this a total indictment of the reactionary press: The editor of a liberal newspaper would certainly not permit his editorial writer to do a piece in favor of fascism, would he?

Editorial writers are hired hands, whether they know it or not, and one must respect Mr. Maury for his frank statement. And if you want "constructive criticism," I'd say: Abolish the editorial page. (But don't do it unless you are sure you can abolish the real crime of the press, editorializing of the news itself.)

—George Seldes.

Rather in line with the above, it seems to me, is the following set of verses received from Hilton Turvey of Redondo Beach, California, which neck of the woods has furnished several devoted contribs to the *Nest:*

THE UBIQUITOUS BEAST

What is this fearsome, pompous beast
That rears its horns and blocks the way,
And slaps the kibosh on some things
You'd like to do, or yearn to say?

For when you have a charming plan,
Someone says "Shush! (and don't look now)
Your plan is gr-r-and; but give it up
You must—for there's a sacred cow. . . ."

You shift this way, you turn, you twist,
And find a thousand plans taboo,
Confronted by a host of horns
They vanish—WHAM!—at one loud MOO!

Yes, sacred cows are everywhere,
And if you touch one, you're a sinner.
Why not, in these meat-rationed days,
Slaughter some sacred cows for dinner?

Next week I hope to give you, just as a change, some revelations by Earle Walbridge anent Beatrice Potter.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE QUEEN OF SPADES *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Lawyer Clunk helps detectives Bell, Hall, and others solve batch of inexplicable slayings in London and coastal town.	Irritating complexities of serpentine plot brightened by Mr. Clunk's sly sleuthing and hypocritical quips. Action aplenty, but all mixed up.	Not the best Bailey
A SPY FOR MR. CROOK *Anthony Gilbert* (A. S. Barnes: $2.)	Arthur Crook, bulldog British detective, solves murder of flyer on "compassionate leave" and busts spy ring—M. P.'s secretary assisting.	Sarah Bennett and her Parliamentarian boss are enjoyable and Crook is resourceful sleuth, but too much stodgy "humor" retards action.	Rather weighty
DEATH IN ANKARA *Clement Wood* (Mystery House: $2.)	Lovely Lal Reed and athletic Nigel Gernon, American and British espionage agents, foil Nazi opposite numbers in plot against Turkish Govt.	Indestructible duo outsmart "foulest reptile in whole den of Nazi cobras" after many adventures—some of them quite incredible.	Thriller
THE CONQUEROR INN *E. R. Punshon* (Macmillan: $2.)	Mutilated body found near lonely English road starts Insp. Bobby Owen on long and devious trail.	Logically worked-out yarn of British black-market operators. Interesting background, good character-work, and rather slow-motion.	Good—in its class
LET THE SKELETONS RATTLE *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Cy Hatch, honeymooning on bride's Penna. farm, encounters most ghastly case in his career—six corpses, two natural, four violent.	Super-grisly affair, dexterously plotted, chockful of action and shivers, with Hatch's ex-pug henchman adding bits of Brooklynese humor.	Hair-raiser!

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WANTED EVENING JOB. Typing, secretarial. Research. References. OR. 4-0956.

TO THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN who wrote **SRL** but didn't give her name: We like and agree with everything you say. Come out, come out, whoever you are.

I TOO (city-bred) have to live in the sticks. Won't Mr. Early Fiftyish please write lonely widow? Box 62-J.

YOUNG MAN, inclined to melancholia, seeks correspondence. Box 63-J.

YOUNG, UNCOUTH FARMER admires debutantes, matrons, charming mesdames. Box 64-J.

TYPEWRITER AND DESK wanted in Harlem. Box 32-J.

STENOGRAPHER with knowledge of literature wanted, part-time, uptown Manhattan. Box 33-J.

SMALL, quiet, defeated widow, fond of dancing and light wines, would like to correspond with brutal, but gentle, type (not necessarily Clark Gable, who probably would not write letters anyway). Box 65-J.

LEONARDO DA VINCI THE SECOND has novel ideas in every field: Ships, Railroads, City planning, etc. Needs money to make experiments, build models, etc. Who will make contributions to furnish capital? Believe big money in this, but prefer party more interested in novel ideas than in money making. Box 66-J.

(*Continued on next page*)

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. WORDSWORTH: "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways."
2. FITZGERALD: "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
3. MILLER: "Columbus."
4. WHITTIER: "The Barefoot Boy."
5. THACKERAY: "The Sorrows of Werther."
6. JONSON: "To Celia."
7. GRAY: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
8. BURNS: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."
9. HERRICK: "To the Virgins to Make Much of Time."
10. PARKER: "Resumè."
11. LONGFELLOW: "A Psalm of Life."
13. BYRON: "Maid of Athens."
14. SHELLEY: "To —."
15. HENLEY: "Invictus."
16. HUNT: "Jenny Kissed Me."
17. LOVELACE: "To Althea from Prison."
18. TEASDALE: "The Kiss."
19. TENNYSON: "Crossing the Bar."
20. HOOD: "The Bridge of Sighs."
21. STEVENSON: "Requiem."

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PERSONALS

SQUARE-SHOOTING, but rather homespun responsive gentleman, desires correspondence course in corner polishing by young woman. Box 71-H.

PROTEAN PANDORA, genuine but seemingly overidealistic, despairing that there exists in big city a worthy he-man under 45, reliable, astute, versatile, and with a good sense of humor, would hail with glee any written proof that she is becoming unduly skeptical. Box 67-J.

PERSONABLE BUT LONELY AND BORED business executive, approaching middle age, seeks relaxation through diverting correspondence with attractive lady under 40 with zest for living. Box 68-J.

IS THERE AN UNUSED BABY grand or spinet whose owner would lend it to young lady? Transportation costs and gentlest treatment assured. Box 69-J.

PERSONABLE MISSOURI BACHELOR, fortyish, traveled, seeks interesting, attractive girl to correspond with. Box 70-J.

TAHITI LOVER wants correspondence with people having lived or traveled there. Box 71-J.

WRITER, male, 38, employed as part-time secretary to internationally known artist, would welcome additional work. Well-educated, personable. Box 72-J.

CAN ANYONE TELL the source of these lines?
"Pray stand aside, 'tis every man's desire
Beside thine own to see and feel the fire."
Reply to Delano, 126 East 38 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, wishing to reduce living expenses, would like to share her sunny, three-room apartment, in Greenwich Village, Manhattan. Housekeeping on cooperative basis. Box 60-J.

4-F VIRGO, thirtyish, likes psychology, business, music, journalism, philosophy, and food. Answer all letters from Capricorn or Taurus ladies. Box 61-J.

CROCHET DOILIES made to order—approximately eight to ten inches diameter—one dollar cash. Specify color. Lionel Ratté, Apt. 18, 72 Essex St., Holyoke, Mass.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

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PROSPECTIVE LONG ISLAND WEEKLY, excellent community, newspaperman with some finances desires financial and editorial interest. Box 54-J.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL MAN, fiftyish but personable, with many interests and hobbies, of permanent security, would like to hear from cultured, attractive woman of similar security, residing New York State or vicinity. Box 991-H.

YOUNG LADY desires correspondence with promising young architect. Box 74-J.

EDITOR-WRITER, experienced, seeks position on staff of New York publishing house, magazine, or newspaper. M.A. in English; additional study. Clear, challenging style of writing. Coöperative worker. Initiative and originality. Adaptable and capable. Definite flare for research. Linguistic ability. Critical insight. Delighted to arrange personal interview. Box 75-J.

CHICAGO GIRL, mature, bereft of illusions but vibrant, will exchange interesting views on life and the arts. Box 76-J.

HUNGRY FOR CALIFORNIA AVOCADOS? Now you may get this delightful, nutritious tropical fruit direct from California Orchards to your door, express prepaid. Perfect condition guaranteed. In packages containing 10 to 15 avocados. Send check for $2.60 to Bishop Avocado Orchards, La Habra, Calif.

OEDIPUS welcomes correspondence from 40's. Box 77-J.

ACTIVE, CHEERFUL New England widow, executive ability, fiftyish, desires sincere male correspondence. Box 78-J.

MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW desires correspondence opposite sex. Box 79-J.

LEAP YEAR verses with charm and wit. Send 10c in coin to Sweetheart, Box 795, *Lansing 3, Michigan.*

WRITING BOOK ON NOSTRADAMUS, want to buy, rent, or borrow French books on Nostradamus and his prophecies. Richard Credicott, Box 559, Freeport, Illinois.

MATURE WOMAN with much common sense would correspond with other sincere women. Interests—art, sylvan splendor, humanity. Box 80-J.

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The Crostics Club

A MOST instructively amusing incident is now on our calendar, contributing, I should say, to the gaiety of men and nations. It has grown out of a questioning by H. Warren K. Hale, Montreal, of the source of Judge Proskauer's quotation on the jacket of Series 15 vaguely attributed by the latter to Horace Walpole: "A man who doesn't learn to play whist is storing up for himself a wretched old age." Mr. Hale on consulting Cassell's "Classified Quotations" found it attributed to Talleyrand. The Judge thought it probable that one might have taken it from the other, since their lives overlapped. Whereupon Mr. Hale continued his search "con amore," with evidence that tended "to confute the probability of such a remark about whist being made by Walpole. It seems certain that at the age of twenty-six he did not like whist; but he lived for fifty-four years longer. On the other hand, it seems established that Talleyrand was fond of whist." Mr. Hale's chief sources of information beside Cassell's were "Card Essays, Clay Decisions, and Card-Table Talk by 'Cavendish'" (Henry Jones)—1880; and "The Evolution of Whist," by William Pole, F.R.S., Mus: Doc. Oxon.-1895. From the latter Mr. Hale quotes at length as to the publication of "Hoyle on Whist" in 1743, and a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann dated April 4, 1743:

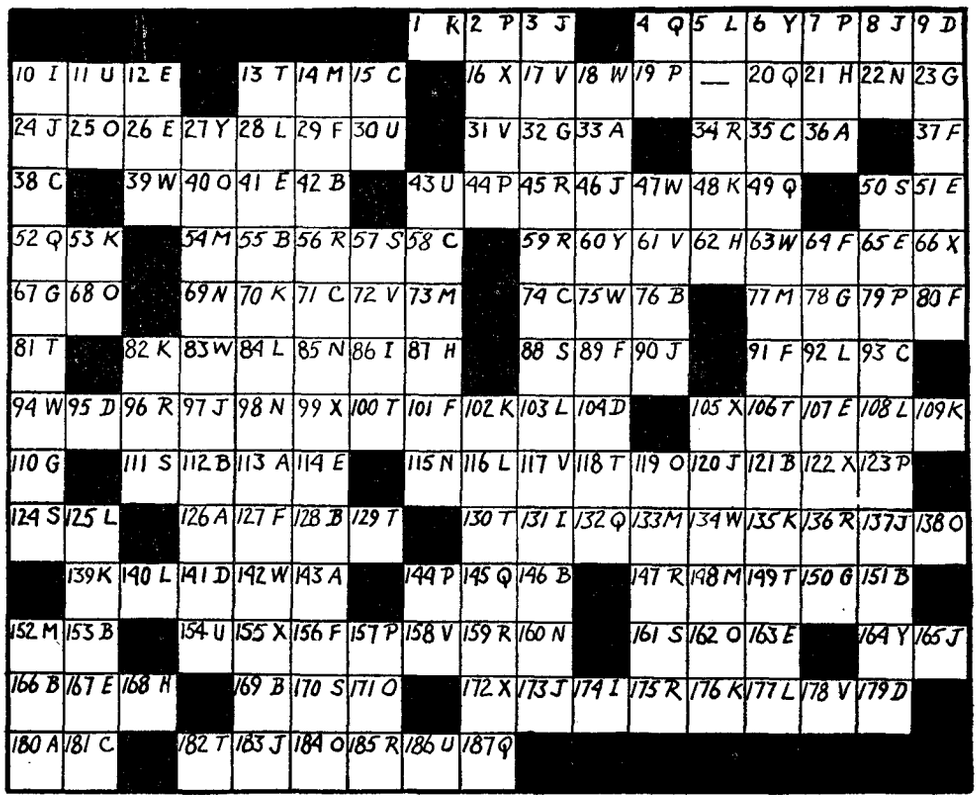
> I really don't know why I am so dry; mine used to be the pen of a ready writer, but Whist seems to have stretched its leaden wand over me, too, who have nothing to do with it. I am trying to set the noble game of Bilboquet against it, and composing a grammar in opposition to Hoyle's. You will some day see an advertisement in the papers to tell you where it may be bought, and that ladies may be waited on by the author at their houses to receive any further directions.

Bilboquet, adds Mr. Hale, is a form of "cup and ball" said to be a favorite amusement with literary men.

Mrs. Alice I. Cochran, Pasadena, is much perturbed over the identity of John Kieran's "Eleusis in One Small Voice" and no wonder! Of course it was a misprint, as Eastern Coast dwellers familiar with John Kieran's column in *The New York Sun* captioned "One Small Voice" would divine. *Eleusis* was the subject of a rhapsody by him in that column.

One DCer suggests that to make the DCs more difficult I give in the Acrostics the title before the author's name, since familiar Christian names give away the author, and the title is thus the more readily guessed.

A puzzler said in a grieved tone, "Who ever heard of a *paravane?*" She did after consulting her WNI and finding *otter* its synonym on merchant ships. As easy as that! E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 515

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Author of the farcical social comedy *Fashion* (1845).

B. Late medieval tribunal of "free judges" in Germany.

C. One who fixes the amount of amercement (Old Law).

D. Composition for nine instruments (Music).

E. Foolish; silly.

F. Not in harmony or adjustment (comp.)

G. A streamlet; brook.

H. European white-tailed sea eagle.

I. A Norwegian Fate.

J. Sobriquet of Stephen Douglas.

K. Novelette by Henry James (1898).

L. Dog used for tracking criminals.

M. John Wesley's birthplace (Eng.)

N. A vessel for distillation or decomposition by heat.

O. Potiphar's daughter who married Joseph (Early Christian romance).

P. One of an Arthurian Trilogy by E. A. Robinson (verse narrative; 1920).

Q. Agitation of the feelings.

R. Alienated in feeling; not wholly loyal.

S. A mummylike figure deposited in the tomb of the mummy (Egypt. Relig.)

T. Indian of Muskhogean tribe, on English side vs. French, now in Oklahoma.

U. Zeal; warmth of affection.

V. American humorist on *The New Yorker.*

W. Churlishness (2 wds.)

X. No longer useful; obsolete.

Y. A part of speech (Eng. Gram.)

WORDS

126 180 36 113 33 143

166 146 55 42 151 76 153 121 128 112 169

74 181 38 15 71 93 35 58

104 141 95 179 9

163 167 12 26 51 65 41 114 107

37 89 101 156 91 64 127 80 29

110 32 150 67 23 78

62 168 21 87

174 10 86 131

3 183 90 97 46 165 137 173 8 24 120

102 53 176 70 135 48 139 82 109

140 84 125 103 5 108 92 177 28 116

73 77 133 152 14 54 148

98 115 69 85 160 22

119 68 184 171 162 138 25 40

2 79 123 7 44 19 144 157

4 187 132 49 20 52 145

185 59 96 1 34 45 56 175 147 159 136

50 124 170 161 88 111 57

118 129 149 100 130 106 81 13 182

154 43 30 186 11

61 158 117 72 31 17 178

94 18 134 63 83 39 142 75 47

122 99 172 16 66 105 155

164 27 6 60

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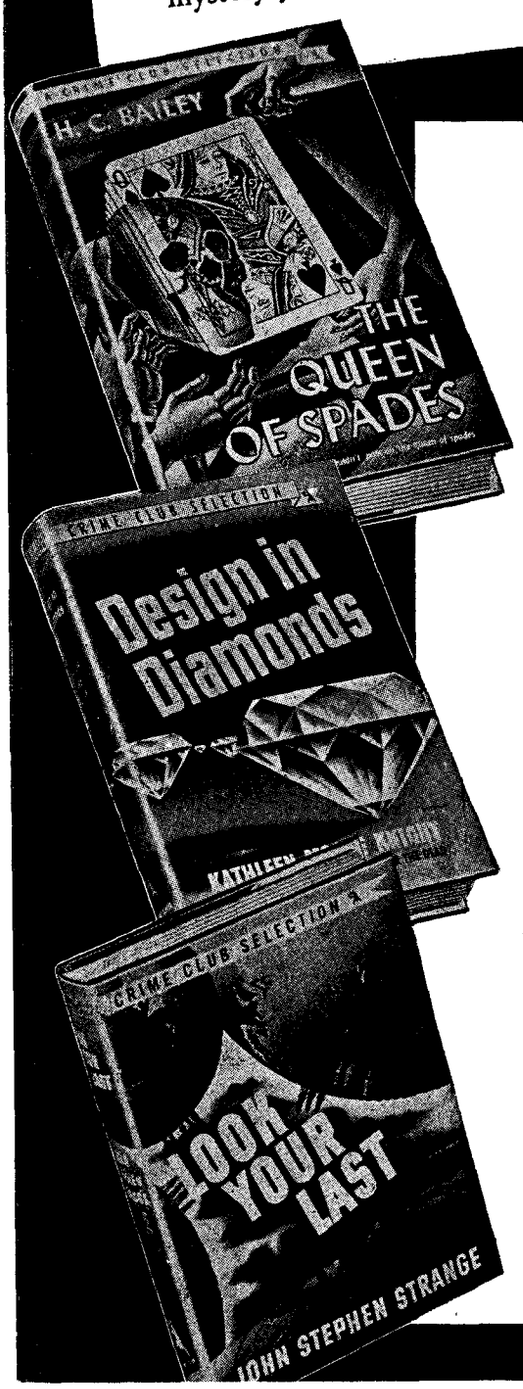

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